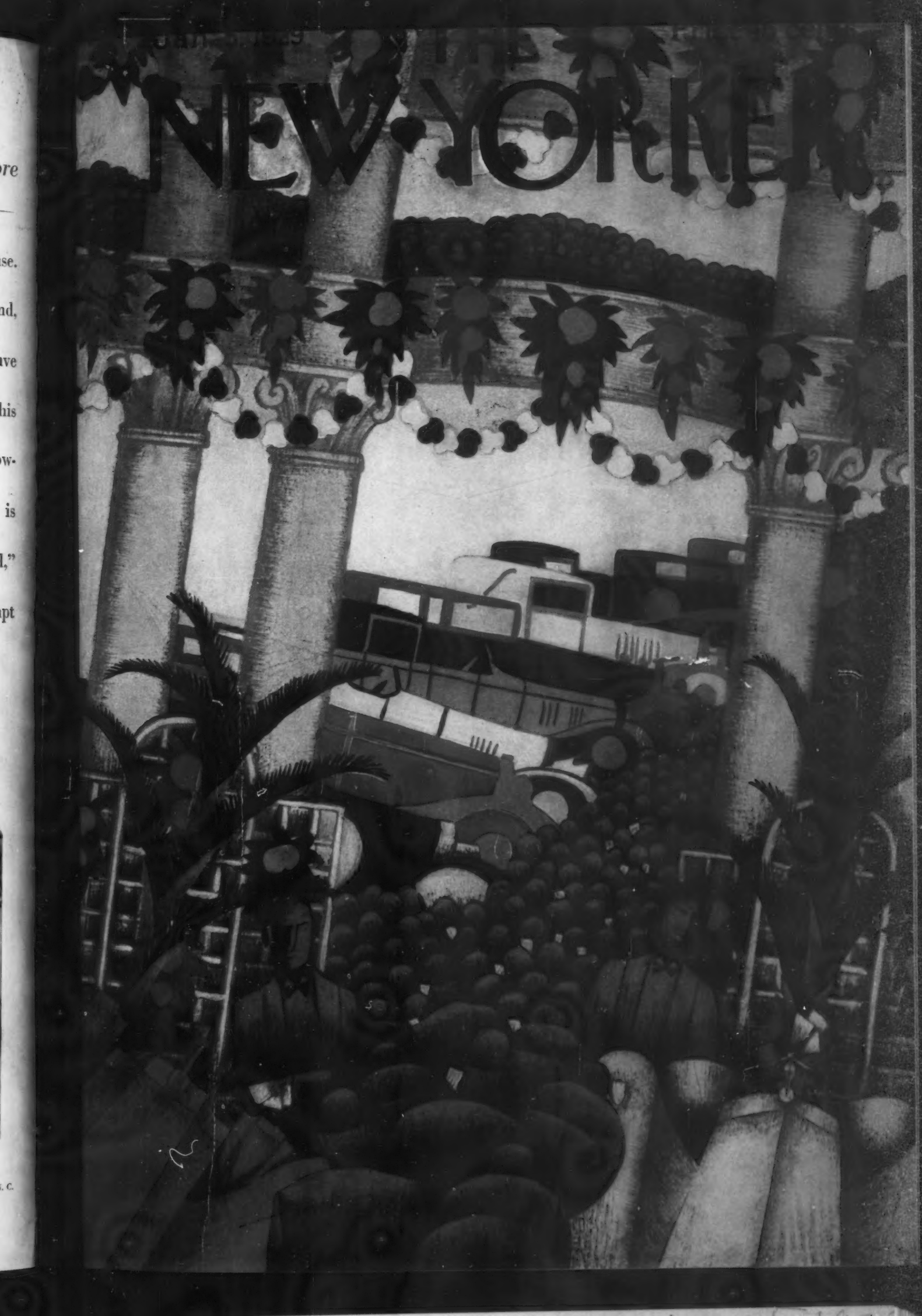
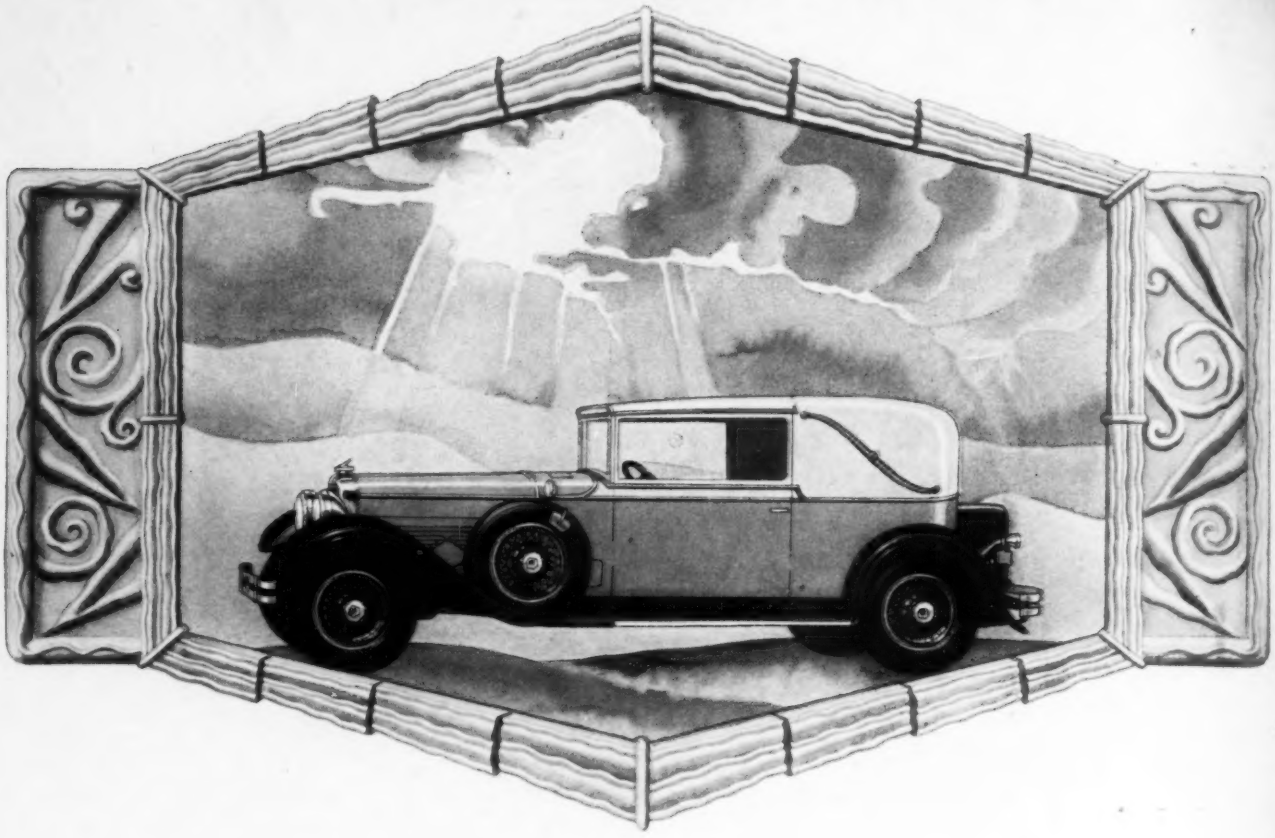

THE NEW YORKER



ANNOUNCING AN EVEN GREATER STUTZ AND ALSO AN ENTIRELY NEW CAR—THE BLACK HAWK. TWO REMARKABLE CARS TO LEAD IN TWO FIELDS

The new Stutz, created to dominate the quality-car field, will retail for $3500 and up.

It has a four forward speed transmission of a new type, quiet, swift and positive.

It also has the "No-Back"—an entirely new feature which automatically prevents back rolling on hills without the use of brakes.

It has adjustable front and rear seats and backs, worm drive, low weight, bumper running boards, permanent vision safety glass and other outstanding features exclusively Stutz.

Giant brakes, with vacuum booster, give greatest *de-celeration* ever known.

Bodies by Fleetwood, Le Baron, Weymann.

It climaxes Stutz history, this handsomest Stutz, reaching new heights of performance.

The Black Hawk—an entirely new car, the product of a new Stutz division, will list at about $2500, f. o. b. Indianapolis.

It has the novel features of the more costly Stutz—with advantages of its own.

It is equipped with either six or eight cylinder motor—each of equal power and performance.

But more important than any of these, is the significant fact that it is not an old car made over or improved, but an absolutely new construction, built so that it happily unites, in one perfectly synchronized whole, the most advanced ideas of modern engineering sagacity—the product of builders who are responsible for "America's finest quality car."

All courtesy will be shown to you at your inspection of these new cars at Stutz salesrooms.

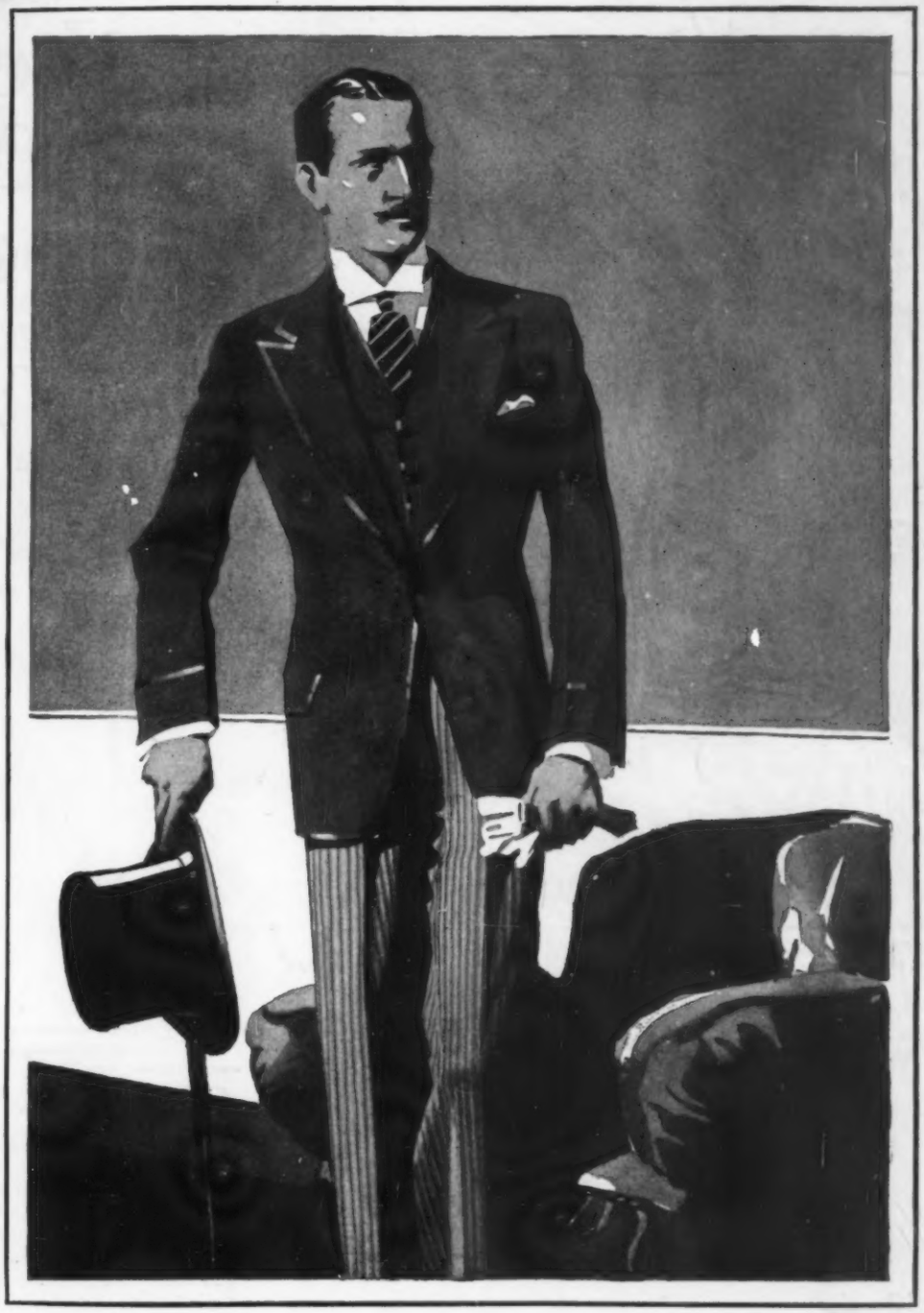
And here are the specifications for the new Black Hawk—most of which it shares in common with the new and greater Stutz. Bodies by Le Baron and Weymann, with Weymann models at approximately composite body prices. A six or eight cylinder engine, each of equal power and performance, optional with customer—Zenith carburetor—air cleaner—oil strainer—extra-large radiator with automatic shutter—Delco ignition—single dry plate clutch—four forward speed transmission—"No-Back" to prevent backward roll, without brakes being applied—Timken worm and worm wheel—reinforced Lockheed four-wheel, hydraulic, internal-expanding brakes—127½-inch wheel base—Bijur chassis lubrication—side bumper steel running boards, integral with the rigid steel frame—silico manganese steel springs—Gemmer worm and roller steering gear—wood wheels standard—Protex permanent vision safety glass all around—safety non-glare Ryan-lites—front bumper and rear bumperettes—one-piece, top-hinged windshield—double-acting Lovejoy shock absorbers. Dash equipment on an instrument board of distinctive beauty.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Jan. 5, 1929

1

FIFTH AVE. **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK



THIS fashion of wearing braided black jacket with striped worsted trousers is fast becoming accepted wear among the younger men for those afternoon occasions where a touch of formality is indicated.

Altman is showing black oxford suits with braided jacket and trousers to match **$95**
Striped worsted trousers **$20**

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According to leading **NEW YORK** *stores*

the finest shoes

are equipped with Visible Eyelets

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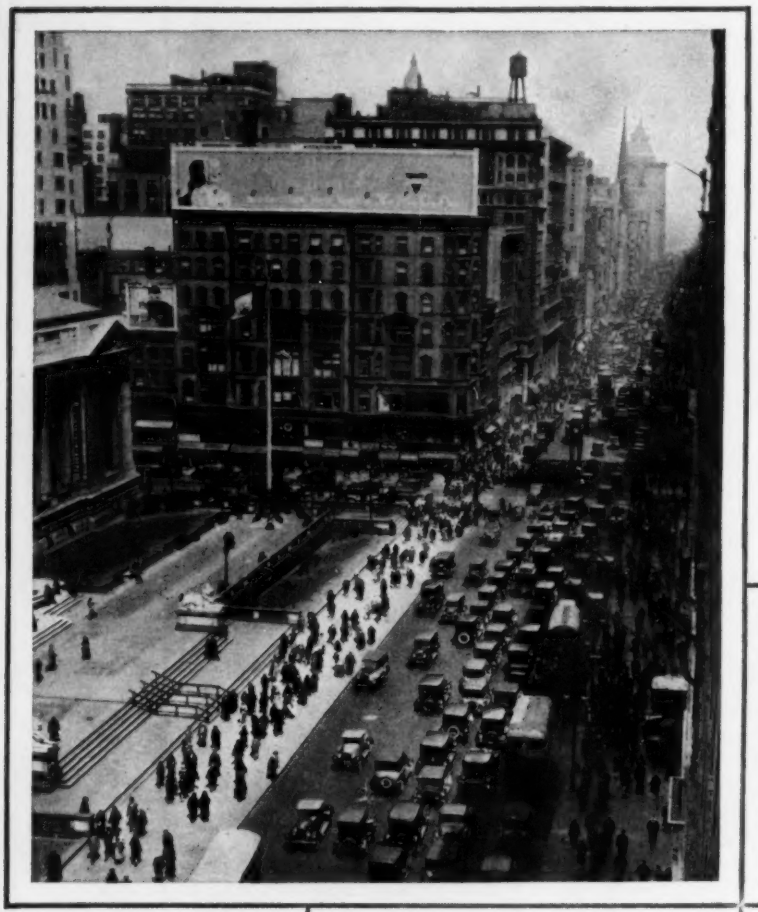

FASHION STREETS OF THE WORLD
Fifth Avenue, New York

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Visible Eyelets are as essential to your shoes as finished button holes are to your suit.

They give shoes that tailored appearance

GOODYEAR WELTS

What they are—

THE Goodyear Welt shoe takes its name from the welt, a narrow strip of leather extending from the heel around the shoe. The upper is stitched firmly to the welt and the welt, in turn, is stitched to the sole. This results in a perfectly smooth insole. The name "Goodyear" is that of the man who organized the remarkable system of machinery which is now used in the production of welt shoes. Most Goodyear Welts are equipped with Diamond Brand *Visible* Fast Color Eyelets.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

DIAMOND BRAND *Visible* FAST COLOR EYELETS

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. IV, No. 46, January 5, 1929. Entered as second class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1928, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

To be really correct, one's skiing suit must be the simple classic, practical suit that retains its chic for as many years as the fabric will wear. We have adopted the skiing suit Mme. Agnes—the well known Parisian leader of fashions—chose for herself to wear at St. Moritz and copied it in a midnight blue fine but sturdy woolen fabric—waterproofed, of course. And the brushed wool turban in white, red, green, or orange with matching scarf, socks and gloves are extremely charming accompaniments.

The suit	$79.50
The turban and scarf .	10.75
The gloves	5.00
The socks	1.75
Canadian Ski Boots .	10.00
Norwegian Skiis, pair .	25.00
Domestic Skiis, pair .	10.00

JOHN WANAMAKER **NEW YORK**

The modern table

YOUTH INSPIRED

The younger social leader has quickly sensed the possibilities of the new glass, the new china, the new silver. The younger hostess of today is in the midst of experiencing a thrill of discovery, awakening new beauty in her table decoration, coming upon new effects that delight her guests..... For each new departure, she finds the linen damask tablecloths of Irish or Scottish weave, an indispensable foundation. Their soft lustre, their simple two-toned modernity, their deftly engaging designs, each contribute subtly to the beauty of a modern décor.

LOVELY LINEN

DAMASK TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS

impressively correct

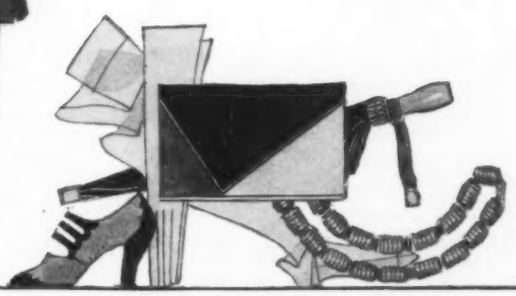
In snowy white, cream, ivory, pale gold, rose, delicate green these lovely tablecloths and napkins are procurable at your favorite shop... moderately priced

COLOR CONTRAST

Introduced by Paquin...
Endorsed by Chanel...
Sponsored by McCreery's

THE vogue for color contrast is not an eccentric whim of the moment. Based on a note first sounded by Paquin, then Chanel, and heard in gradual crescendo, it is the unchallenged keynote of the mode.

Here at McCreery's, where fashion must be consistent with good taste, color contrast is now sponsored. Since *brown* with *orange* is preeminent, its influence may be noted throughout the store. In relation to wearing apparel, millinery, even accessories it is visual proof of our policy: "authentic fashions—at moderate prices."



Brown and orange costume illustrated—

Jacket frock 39.50, street slipper 12.50, bag 10.00, umbrella 8.00, Patou choker (copy) 2.95, hosiery 2.95, suede gloves 3.95.

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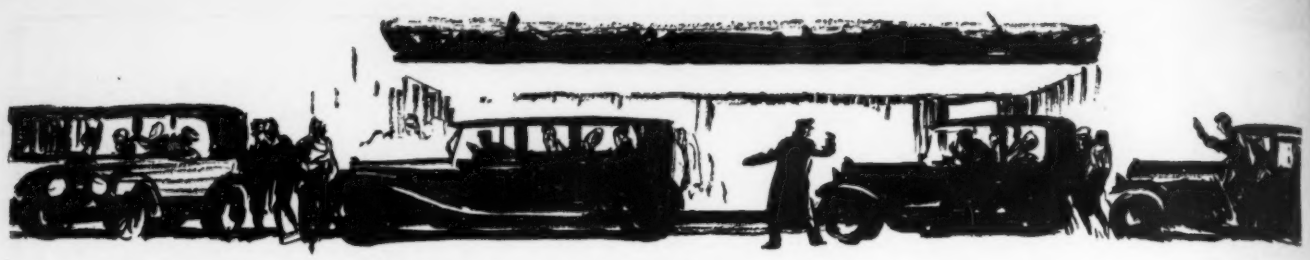
FIFTH AVENUE 34TH STREET



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 12]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., and that the midweek matinée will be on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—Katharine Cornell in an elaborate dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel which has more charm than speed. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

CIVIC REPERTORY—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne —"L'Invitation au Voyage," a study in repression. (Fri. Eve., Jan. 4.) . . . "Peter Pan," good production of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mat., Jan. 5; Tues. and Thurs. Eves., Jan. 8 and 10; Wed. and Sat. Mats., Jan 9 and 12.) . . . "The Master Builder," Ibsen and Eva Le Gallienne. (Sat. Eve., Jan. 5.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," admirable production of Tchekov's play, with Nazimova. (Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., Jan. 7, 9, and 11.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English. (Sat. Eve., Jan. 12.) (Civic Repertory Theatre, 14, W. of 6 Ave.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Walter Hampden's perennial revival of the Rostand play. (Hampden, B'way at 62.)

DIAMOND LIL—The Bowery as father used to know it. A fine, rowdy piece, by and with Mae West. (Royale, 45, W.)

THE FRONT PAGE—Why newspapers are so funny. Another Jed Harris hit. (Times Square, 42, W.)

THE HIGH ROAD—About English society, and heightened by the deft performances of Edna Best and Herbert Marshall. (Fulton, 46, W.)

HOLIDAY—A sparkling comedy about the depressingly rich, by Philip Barry. (Plymouth, 45, W. 2:35 and 8:35 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JEALOUSY—Only two people in the cast but plenty of excitement; well played by Fay Bainter and John Halliday. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M.)

THE KINGDOM OF GOD—Ethel Barrymore gives a magnificent performance as a woman who devotes her life to humanity. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—A charming comedy in which a father runs away with his baby. (Morosco, 45, W.)

MACBETH—Exciting and worth seeing if you have any leaning at all toward Shakespearean revivals. Florence Reed and Lyn Harding in a production that has notably fine settings by Gordon Craig. (Knickerbocker, B'way at 38. 2:15 and 8:20 P.M. Engagement ends Sat., Jan. 12.)

MAJOR BARBARA—An adequate revival of the Shaw play by the Theatre Guild. (Republic, 42, W.)

A MOST IMMORAL LADY—Alice Brady makes a silken racketeer into a real person. (Cort, 48, E.)

PARIS—Irene Bordoni singing Cole Porter's priceless songs in an otherwise ordinary farce. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—Completely satisfactory account of a murder and its solution, by A. A. Milne. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. Mat. Fri.)

A PLAY WITHOUT A NAME—Young married troubles with a glimpse inside the husband's head. (Booth, 45, W. Moves to another theatre on Mon., Jan. 7. See daily papers.)

POPPA—A very amusing farce about the home life of a Grand Street politician. (Biltmore, 47, W.)

THE SIGN OF THE LEOPARD—An Edgar Wallace mystery play that is only fair entertainment. (National, 41, W.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—Still holding its nine-act popularity. Eugene O'Neill assisted by the Guild, and very much worth seeing. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

THIS THING CALLED LOVE—An uneven comedy dedicated to the notion that marriage might wear better without the annoyance of love. (Bijou, 45, W.)

TONIGHT AT 12—Entertaining, particularly for those who like guessing games. (Hudson, 44, E. Moves to another theatre on Mon., Jan. 7. See daily papers.)

THE WILD DUCK—Ibsen's exciting and profoundly human tragedy splendidly played by Blanche Yurka and an Actors' Theatre cast. (49th Street, 49, W.)

WINGS OVER EUROPE—The British Cabinet is baffled to know what to do with a young scientist who has mastered the atom. A fine play, produced by the Guild. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

YOUNG LOVE—Pastiche sophistication but amusing at times. Dorothy Gish gives a good performance. Last two days. (Masque, 45, W. Closes Sat., Jan. 5.)

NOTE—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," Dion Boucicault's mellowest of melodramas, produced in the spirit of palmy days, can be seen at the Rialto, 118 Hudson St., Hoboken, Eves. at 8:30, and Wed. and Sat. Mats., at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is only a few blocks from the theatre.)

WITH MUSIC

ANIMAL CRACKERS—The gorgeous madness of the Marx Brothers. (44th Street, 44, W.)

BILLIE—Last two days of a pleasant enough show of the Cohan pattern. (Erlanger, 44, W. Closes Sat., Jan. 5.)

BLACKBIRDS—Bill Robinson's practically perfect tap dancing in a good colored revue. (Eltinge, 42, W. 2:45 and 8:45 P.M. Extra performance Thurs. at midnight.)

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—W. C. Fields, assisted by Joe Frisco, is very, very funny. The rest is not so good. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Not novel, but entertaining enough because of Ann Pennington, Harry Richman, the Howards, and so forth. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GOOD BOY—Fair musical comedy of the sweet variety, with trick scenery. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

GOOD NEWS—Last two days of last season's favorite collegiate musical show. (46th Street, 46, W. Closes Sat., Jan. 5.)

HELLO, DADDY!—Some terrible bits of plot, but a good production and cast. Lew Fields in in it. (Mansfield, 47, W. Mat. Thurs.)

HELLO YOURSELF!—Waring's Pennsylvanians and some speedy dancing, but that's about all. (Casino, B'way at 39.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—The music, dancing, and comedy are all there. One of the best. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

THE NEW MOON—A solemn operatic plot, with all the gestures, trying to do handsomely by a so-so musical show. (Imperial, 45, W.)

THE RED ROBE—Stanley Weyman's romantic novel made into swashbuckling operetta, with Walter Woolf. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW BOAT—Last season's happy contribution, with Charles Winninger and Helen Morgan, and a beautiful Kern score. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

THIS YEAR OF GRACE—Gaiety, charm, and wit, and what's most important—Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward at their best. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THREE CHEERS—The inimitable Will Rogers turns a characteristic Fred and Dorothy Stone musical into an uproarious show. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

TREASURE GIRL—Gershwin music, Gertrude Lawrence, and good dancing, but the humor is pretty terrible. (Alvin, 52, W.)

WHITE LILACS—How Chopin and George Sand carried on, according to the Messrs. Shubert. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mat. Thurs.)

WHOOPEE—A gorgeous Ziegfeld production with Eddie Cantor supplying the comedy. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

NOTE—Paul Whiteman and his orchestra will be at the Palace Fri. and Sat., Jan. 4 and 5. Performances at 2 and 8 P.M.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

GYPSY—A play by Maxwell Anderson, with Claiborne Foster. Opens Mon., Jan. 7. (Klaw, 45, W.)

THE GAOLER'S WENCH—Ina Claire in a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. Opens Tues., Jan. 8. (Hudson, 44, W.)

FOLLOW THRU—A new musical comedy by Schwab, De Sylva, and Henderson. Opens Wed., Jan. 9. (46th Street, 46, W.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

CAPRICE—Sil-Vara's play, produced by the Guild, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

LADY DEDLOCK—Margaret Anglin in a play based on Dickens' "Bleak House." (Ambassador, 49, W.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Rhinelander 9000)—Park Avenue refinement; a nice place to dance.*

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191)—Village rowdiness with lots of your friends having fun.

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Rosita and Ramon stepping to marvellous music in a smart atmosphere.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Emil Coleman's orchestra at an all-season favorite.*

CLUB PLAZA, Hotel Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (Plaza

(Continued on page 8)

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THE NEW YORKER
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FIFTH AVENUE, 37th and 38th STREETS
NEW YORK

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 12]

(Continued from page 6)

1740)—Music by the old Pall Mall orchestra. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Where you will find Harry Richman, Frances Williams, and Aaronson's Commanders.*

HEIGH-HO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Dickerman decorations and good food, where the Lido-Venice used to be. Must dress.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC, New Amsterdam Roof, 42, W. of B'way (Wisconsin 8312)—Eddie Cantor, Helen Morgan, and Paul Whiteman's orchestra.*

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Joseph Urban décor and Vincent Lopez music. Must dress.

VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 6000)—The younger set dancing in pleasant surroundings. Must dress.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only a few of the more interesting of this type—there are many others: The Mirador, 200 W. 51, with Meyer Davis music; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, where Jack White is amusing; Casanova, 151 W. 54, which has a good show; Texas Guinan Showplace, 203 W. 54, with Texas Guinan and her gang.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—With that certain touch, and not very expensive, are: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—The best places do not welcome unknown whites, but you will enjoy Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and The Cotton Club, 644 Lenox, at 142. Go late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Kavkaz, B'way at 53, is one of the best, particularly on Saturday nights.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57. (Regent 4900).

MOTION PICTURES

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—A highly entertaining picture, with fine performances by Lionel Barrymore and William Haines, and some good spoken dialogue. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE BARKER—Milton Sills in a fair movie of the circus play. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

INTERFERENCE—An all-talking picture derived from the stage play with fair success. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

MY MAN—Fannie Brice making good use of the Vitaphone to render some of her best-known chefs-d'œuvre. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

ME, GANGSTER—A pretty exciting film of the underworld. (Plaza, Madison at 59; Sun. and Mon., Jan. 6 and 7; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE RIVER—Passion in the backwoods vividly portrayed by Mary Duncan and Charles Farrell. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE SINGING FOOL—Al Jolson, almost in person. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE WEDDING MARCH—Love in pre-war Vienna; a lavish Von Stroheim production. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 5-7; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Behind the German Lines," worthwhile German war picture; "Craig's Wife," Irene Rich in a movie version of George Kelly's play; "Four Devils," the big Murnau drama of circus life; "Homecoming," an excellent German picture; "Lonesome," Glenn Tryon, Barbara Kent, and distinguished photography; "The Masks of the Devil," John Gilbert as a wicked Viennese gallant; "Our Dancing Daughters," the lively young set, with Joan Crawford; "The Patriot," Jannings in one of his best; "Show People," Hollywood burlesque, with Marion Davies and William Haines; "Ten Days that Shook the World," the Russian Revolution well filmed; "While the City Sleeps," Lon Chaney and gangsters; "The Wind," Lillian Gish in a fair picture; "Wings," the big aviation picture; "The Woman Disputed," an unreal war story well acted by Norma Talmadge.

ART

ABBEY—Memorial show of the man who made the Boston Library famous: American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way between 155 and 156. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

BEGINNERS—Third show of novices as picked by Peggy Bacon: Opportunity Gallery, Art Center, 65 East 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BOYD—First large show of a surprising talent trained abroad: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

CHIRICO—Show of large work of a distinctive painter: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—Beautiful examples of eighteenth-century French and English prints: Keppel, 16 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

HANDFORTH—Another young American with a facile talent in etchings: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, above 61. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

HARTLEY—First show in several years of one of America's best moderns: Stieglitz Room 303, Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.

WATER COLOR—Annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society and the New York Water Color Club: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1:30 to 6 P.M.

ZAK—Comprehensive show of the works of a modern who died in the middle of his career: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.

RECITALS

ROLAND HAYES—Another recital by the eminent negro tenor. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 6.

MUSICAL ART QUARTET—Third of a series of chamber-music recitals. Golden Theatre, 58, E. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Jan. 6.

YEHUDI MENUHIN—Last year's violin sensation. Aged 11. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 6.

MYRA HESS—A most charming pianist. Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 8.

CARL FRIEDBERG—One of the master pianists. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 11.

MISCHA ELMAN—The inimitable Mischa again. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 12.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mengelberg conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 4, at 8:45. Damrosch conducting: Sat. Morn., Jan. 5, at 11 (Children's Concert).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 5, at 2:30.

AMERICAN SYMPHONIC ENSEMBLE—Nobody conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 5.

PRAGUE TEACHERS CHORUS—Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 7.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Gabrilowitsch conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 8.

BANKS GLEE CLUB—Huhn conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Jan. 9.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Der Rosenkavalier," Fri. Eve., Jan. 4, at 8; "Carmen," Sat. Aft., Jan. 5, at 2; "L'Africana," Sat. Eve., Jan. 5, at 8. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

ON THE AIR

OPERA—"Pagliacci," Fri., Jan. 4, at 10 P.M., over WOR. . . . Cadman's "Shanewis," Mon., Jan. 7, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Chicago Civic Opera, "Marriage of Figaro," Wed., Jan. 9, at 10 P.M., over WJZ.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRA—Damrosch conducting: Sat. Eves., Jan. 5 and 12, at 8 P.M., over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mengelberg conducting: Sun., Jan. 6, at 3 P.M., from Brooklyn, over WOR.

LITTLE SYMPHONY—Georges Barrère conducting: Sun., Jan. 6, at 7 P.M., over WEAF.

FLORENCE AUSTRAL—Dramatic soprano; and John Amadio, flautist: Sun., Jan. 6, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Max Schmelling vs. Joe Sekyra, and Johnny Dundee vs. Charlie Rosenberg, Fri., Jan. 4, at 8:15 P.M.

COLLEGE HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden: Yale vs. Toronto, Sat., Jan. 5, at 8:30 P.M.

PROFESSIONAL HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Americans vs. N. Y. Rangers, Sun. Eve., Jan. 6. . . . N. Y. Rangers vs. Canadiens, Tues. Eve., Jan. 8. . . . N. Y. Americans vs. Toronto, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 10.

INDOOR POLO—Games at Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, at 8:30 P.M.: Brooklyn Riding and Driving vs. Squadron A, and N. Y. A. C. vs. Squadron A, Sat. Eve., Jan. 5.

OTHER EVENTS

RUTH DRAPER—In her original character sketches: Comedy Theatre, 41, E. of B'way; Eves. at 8:40; Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.

AUTOMOBILE SHOW—Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46; opens Sat., Jan. 5, at 2 P.M.; open weekdays thereafter 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 12.

DUNCAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Irma Duncan and the Isadora Duncan Dancers: Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of B'way; Fri. and Sun. Eves., Jan. 4 and 6, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Jan. 5, at 2:30.

MUSICALES—Rosa Ponselle, soprano, and Everett Marshall, baritone, will appear at the next Artistic Morning at the Plaza, Thurs. Morn., Jan. 10, at 11. . . . Sophie Braslau, contralto; Paul Kochanski, violinist; and Daisy Elgin, soprano, will appear at the Biltmore Musicale, in the ballroom of the Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Morn. Jan. 11, at 11.

PUBLIC BALL—The Russian Ball, Ritz-Carlton, Mon. Eve., Jan. 7, at 10.

PRINCETON TRIANGLE CLUB—"Zuider Zee," Metropolitan Opera House, Tues. Eve., Jan. 8, at 8:15.

E. H. SOTHERN—Dramatic recitals, "Macbeth" and "Lord Dundreary:" Town Hall, Tues. Aft., Jan. 8, at 3.

FOR CHILDREN—"Wizard of Oz," Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104, Sat. Aft., Jan. 5, at 2:30.

AUCTIONS—Chinese porcelains and carved jades: Anderson Galleries, Park at 59, Fri. Aft. and Eve., Jan. 4, at 2 and 8:15, and Sat. Aft., Jan. 5, at 2. . . . The Library of Jerome Kern: Anderson Galleries, Park at 59, Mon. through Thurs. Eves., Jan. 7-10, at 8:15, and Tues. Aft., Jan. 8, at 2. . . . Drawings by Rembrandt, Rubens, Gainsborough, Rowlandson, Hogarth, Fragonard, Michel Angelo, Titian, Tiepolo, and other masters: American Art Galleries, Madison at 57, Wed. Eve., Jan. 9, at 8:15.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square every Sun., Tues., and Thurs. Eve., until March.

MUSIC—Orchestras: Philharmonic-Symphony, Mengelberg conducting through Jan. 18. Toscanini starts conducting Jan. 24. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Gabrilowitsch conducting, Jan. 29. . . . Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Jan. 31 and Feb. 2. (All at Carnegie Hall). . . . Important recitals: Gieseking, Jan. 23; Heifetz, Jan. 26; Brailowsky, Jan. 27; Elisabeth Rethberg, Jan. 30. (All at Carnegie Hall). . . . German Opera Company, Wagner Cycle, Manhattan Opera House, Jan. 14-22.

PUBLIC BALLS—Silver Ball, Madison Square Garden, Jan. 14. . . . Bal Guignol, Ritz-Carlton, Jan. 18. . . . The Greenwich Village Ball, Webster Hall, Jan. 18. . . . Charity Ball, Ritz-Carlton, Jan. 22. . . . Beaux Arts Ball, Astor, Jan. 25. . . . Old Guard Ball, Waldorf, Jan. 25. . . . Veterans Ball, Waldorf, Feb. 11.

THEATRE OPENINGS—(All dates uncertain)—"Serena Blandish," a Jed Harris production, with Constance Collier and Ruth Gordon, Jan. 23. . . . "Balieff's Chauve Souris," a revised version, Jan. 21. . . . Other January possibilities: "Pillars of Society," a revival of Ibsen's play, with Grace George; "Ned Wayburn's Gambols," a revue; "Fioretta," an Earl Carroll musical show; "Katherina," by Andreyev, at the Civic Repertory.

OTHER DATES—Motor Boat Show, Grand Central Palace, Jan. 18-26. . . . Aviation Show, Grand Central Palace, Feb. 6-13.

Canton crepe one piece frock, copy of a London Trades model, with white organdie collar. Red, green, champagne, larkspur, and the new burnt orange. Sizes 14x to 20. 55.00.

Copy of a London Trades jacket suit in moussa cloth with angora fabric blouse. Royal, bright red, soft green, beige, yellow or white. With flat bows. Sizes 14x to 20. 65.00.

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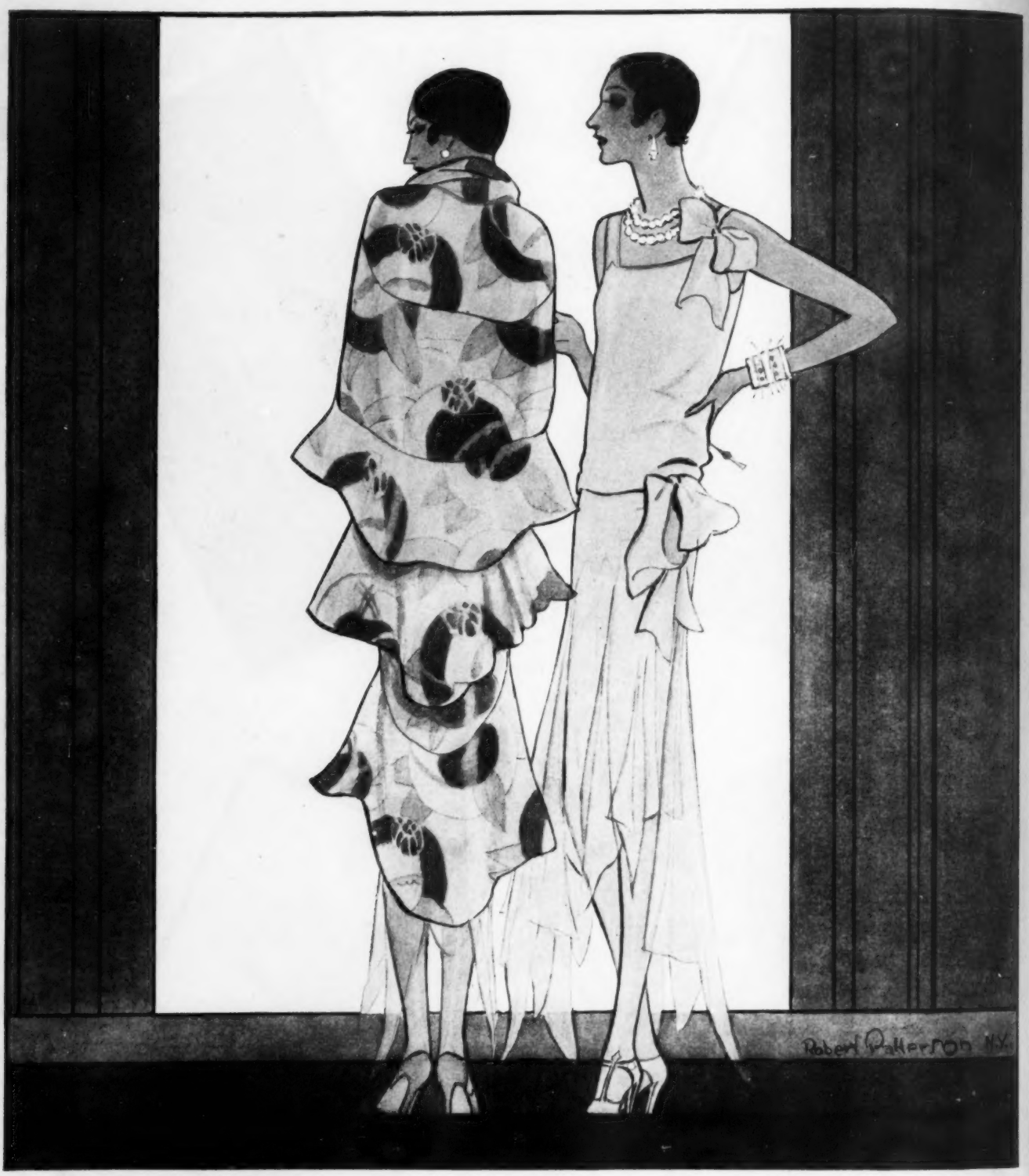

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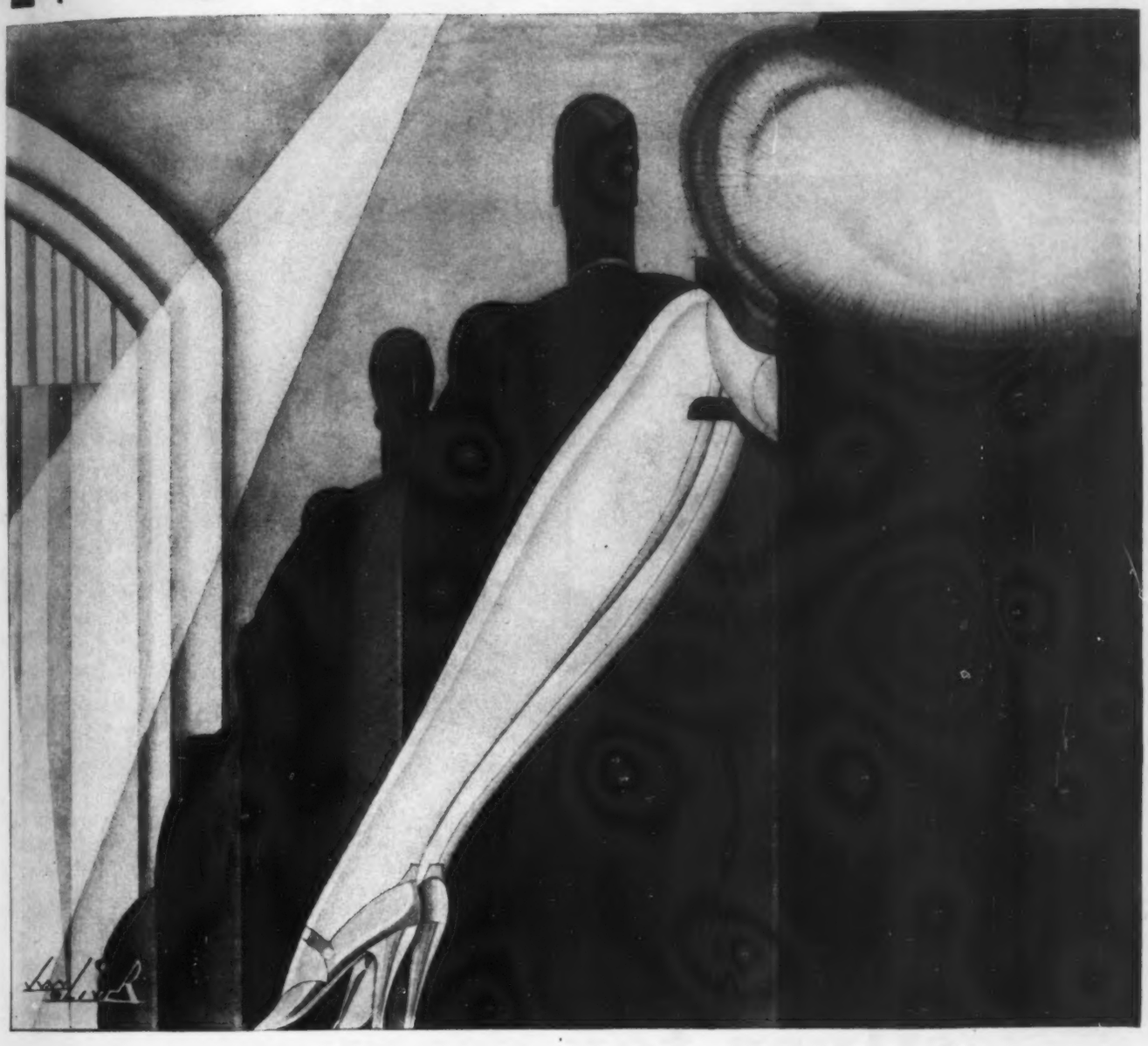

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MR. COOLIDGE, the little Vermonter, has appeared against many strange backgrounds. Surely the most incongruous of all was the languorous Georgia island, where the double-breasted business suit bobbed up against the bearded oaks, the Spanish ruins, and the warm mystery of the Southland. Reading the account of his doings, we were thinking how times had fallen off. From that island, pirates once put to sea. Later, Spanish friars lived there in a mission. From a timber of one of the island's trees was hewn the keel of the frigate Constitution. How pale by contrast must have been the scene this past week—a

strange little twentieth-century sprite, who, surrounded by photographers, guarded by secret-service men, and tagged by reporters, phoned Washington every day from his bedroom, and dedicated, in a high nasal voice, an ancient and uncomplaining tree.

IT seems unlikely that Mother England will ever discover what America is all about. The Colonies were misunderstood in 1776, and very little light has been shed on the States since then. We offer as evidence the following paragraph from *Punch*, in which *Punch's* dramatic critic makes a wistful but unsuccessful attempt to explain the meaning of the title of the play "Burlesque:" "As for the title, its meaning escapes me. 'Burlesque' of what? Of actual life behind the scenes, or of stage presentments of that life? In either case the play gave no sign of a burlesque motive, or, if it did, it gave it too subtly to be penetrated by those who were not familiar with the phase of American life or American drama that it was supposed to be satirising. However, the problem of the title's significance didn't seem to trouble the audience."

There you have it! It's no wonder the Colonies withdrew from the Mother Country. Even that imported Britisher, Mr. St. John Ervine, recently admitted that he couldn't understand why the Marx Brothers show was called "Animal Crackers." To explain that to an Englishman would be like trying to explain Vo Dodeo Do to your old grandmother. "Burlesque" of what, eh? Well, "Pygmalion" who?

ALTHOUGH Christmas 1928 is but a misty isle in our memory, the stack of greeting cards we received is a sharp reality on our library table. We've just been going through them, a mordant pastime, and find that our favorite card is one from the

Chancellor (and wife) of Syracuse University. It reads: "On the morning of December twenty-fifth between nine and ten o'clock Mr.—— will be before us in memory and thought as we call the roll of our friends and 'telepath' to each our best wishes for the joys of the season and the triumphs of a New Year. (Signed) Chancellor and Mrs. Charles Wesley Flint."

WE were attending the marathon talk contest, at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, and suddenly the attention of everybody was focused on a burly man who had offered to escape from a strait-jacket while suspended by his heels. He was immediately assisted in this project by three soldiers who were on duty in the centre of the room. As we watched the procedure, it seemed to be an answer to that troublesome old question, What does the United States Army do in peace

time? Obviously the Army is busy hoisting by the heels men who are going to escape from strait-jackets at marathon talk contests.

DODDERING old graybeard that we are, our mind goes back to those halcyon days when it was something to know a millionaire or an author. Quaint times, those. Today, the streets, the subways, the living-rooms, are filled with millionaires; they even drop into our office to bother us. As for authors—we know seven people who finished writing a book less than half an hour ago.

Congressman

PERHAPS not enough is known about the activities of our congressman, Mr. Sol Bloom, in addition to the fact that from time to time he intro-

duces a bill which would require citizens to salute the flag whenever they pass it, and with no exception for Fifth Avenue on Flag Day either.

Mr. Bloom is probably our most colorful and generally active congressman. Recently he went to Chicago on a delicate mission. That city was mad because New York is planning a celebration on Washington's Birthday in 1932 which might take the edge off Chicago's World Fair in 1933. Mr. Bloom knew just what to do because he helped build the Midway for the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. He was precocious, and was a builder in his youth. He put up a theatre when he was twenty-one. The Times Square, Selwyn, Eltinge, and Sam H. Harris theatres here are his work. Before he went into politics, he was also a music publisher, and he still likes to be called "the music man."

Now serving his third term, Sol is known among his colleagues as a fighter for ideals. Once he was going to punch the fiery Representative Blanton of Texas in the nose, and he would have done it too if the Representative hadn't bent him backwards over a table and kept him from taking his glasses off. Blanton had called him a tool of the New York movie interests, a charge not founded in fact, since Mr. Bloom is interested in the cinema only because of his great wish that the doctrines of the Constitution be filmed. Nothing has been done about it yet.

THE Congressman has been quite a social success in Washington, entertaining lavishly in a fine house. For the decoration of its kitchen a Bohemian painter was imported. Jealousy of his manner of living is common. Less popular government servants have been heard to allude to his magnificent red automobile as "the fire engine." The fact remains that he attends the White House musicales and diplomatic dinners. At the former, for instance, he is a pretty imposing figure, with golden pince-nez dangling on a black silk ribbon set off by a white vest, a kerchief in his pocket matching his tie, etc. He is widely known for his generosity. During the coal strike a few years ago he revealed in a letter to the President that he had advised tenants in the buildings he owns here to obtain coal at any price and charge it to him. He has helped many war veterans financially, and he paid nine hundred dollars, which went to charity, for the baseball used in the Congressional game between the Democrats and Republicans. Also he makes up jokes. "Take the 'C' out of Cal and that leaves Al," is his, and he has gone even further than that. He told his secretary to put "R.S. V.P." on his wedding invitations because it means Real Silver Vedding Presents.

One of the statesman's ideals is Mussolini, and during his annual trips to Europe with his family, his daughter Vera, a writer, has interviewed the Italian leader seven times. To help his brother lawmakers to understand Mussolini better, he once offered to read them all of his daughter's interviews, but they apparently didn't want to understand Mussolini better. Frustrations do not discourage him, however. He is still hopeful that they will pass his bill to change the name of the War Department to Department of the Army, thus mitigating the sugges-

"Forrest, why don't you wear your new lounging robe?"

tion of belligerence in the present name of that bureau. Compulsory saluting of the flag is one thing, according to Mr. Bloom, and having a war department another.

On Parle Français

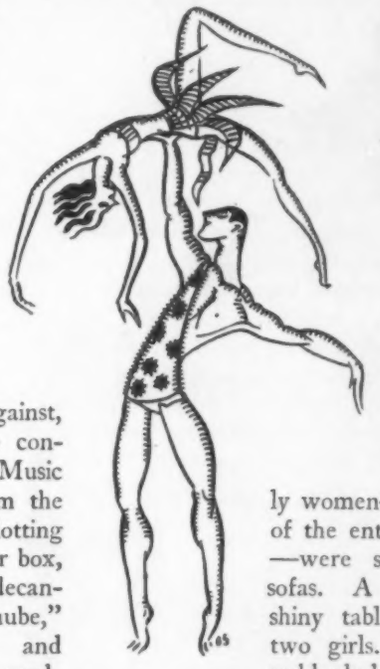
THE way to get waited on in a crowded store was discovered by a wag about town during the holiday rush. He simply accosted a floorwalker and said, "Ees one spik French for buy zee bibelot, eh?" A clerk who spoke French was instantly detached from her other customers and the imposter got his shopping quickly over with.

Music Boxes, Old and New

IN the nineties there were twenty or more men in town who repaired music boxes but now there is only one, Mr. Jaccard, whom you may see at work through the dusty panes of a small window of his shop at 309 West Forty-second Street. There are two windows. To see Mr. Jaccard you must peep through the one in which sits a mechanical clown whose head tick-tocks back and forth.

If you go in you will find that Mr. Jaccard and his shop fit together beautifully. He is an eager, elderly person, a little like Steinmetz, a little like Santa Claus, and the rich gloom of his workroom is filled with that fine woody smell a music-box shop should have. Furthermore, the place is properly at sixes and sevens, with things piled against the walls and heaped about the floor. A great deal of peering and pulling must be done before anything is found. This adds to the fun of the thing for Mr. Jaccard, for he is almost certain to come upon some ancient prize he had well nigh forgotten about. He has an extensive collection. The music-box repairing business isn't what it used to be, few people bringing instruments in for fixing any more, and Mr. Jaccard keeps his shop going by buying instruments, fixing them up, and reselling them. At that, the last time we were there he was engaged in an interesting repair job, that of restoring a snuffbox which has been in the Wanamaker family for years, in which a tiny nightingale twitters the music. Its recondite ailment was easy for him to diagnose.

The music boxes come mostly from the attics of old brownstones and no matter how old or how despondent they may be, Mr. Jaccard can make them play. He sells them to collectors and others. Mr. Henry Ford is buying one old-timer, and some other millionaire is thinking over another, a gorgeous affair with drum, bells, castanets, and harp effect. In the shop you have to be careful what you touch or lean against, for everything there contains machinery. Music is likely to issue from the hat-tree, or from a blotting pad, a chair, a powder box, a towel roller, or a decanter—"The Blue Danube," "Heilige Nacht," and "Floradora," or such modern things as "Valencia" and "I Wonder What's Become of Sally." If you are there when the musical clocks announce the hour you will hear "After the Ball" and other old songs.



Mr. Jaccard has been at his trade nearly fifty years, having broken away from the family tradition of watchmaking when he was a youth in his birthplace, St. Croix, Switzerland, the town which used to make nearly all the music boxes in the world. Music boxes went out about a quarter of a century ago and the factories in St. Croix were closed, but some years ago a temporary use was found for them. They were reopened to make munitions of war.

Theme Songs

THE greatest single crisis ever faced by our American minstrelsy was the necessity to write a song advertising the film "The Woman Disputed," and the greatest single achievement was the resultant composition, called (as you probably know) "Woman Disputed, I Love You." Generally, theme songs come easier than that. When the picture "Ramona" was filmed, the song "Ramona" was written, there being no trick to that. For the picture "Lilac Time" it was necessary only to take the song "Jeannine" and change it to "Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time." A little harder, but still fairly simple. Even the movie called "The Tempest" was finally woven into a ballad, "Out of the Tempest into My Heart." All these were just preparing the song boys for the great test, which, as we have all seen, they met gallantly, covering themselves with glory.

Nocturne

THE other evening we were taken to the reception room of a broadcasting station. A dozen persons, mostly women—relatives and friends of the entertainers, we gathered—were seated on chairs and sofas. A loudspeaker on a dark shiny table emitted a song by two girls. Their voices grew suddenly louder as a door opened into a small adjoining room, and we realized that we were now hearing the singers in person. They stood quietly and were apparently unperturbed. The announcer lounged in a chair behind them. He was searching through his pockets for a cigarette. Presently he came out into the reception room, closing the door behind him. "Where's Mr. Blank?" he asked. "This is the girls' last song." "He hasn't come," declared several of the ladies. "Then I'll have to sing," said the announcer without emotion. "I'll probably fall down in the middle of it, though." He went back into the little room.

Just then the elevator door opened and let in Mr. Blank. Everybody spoke to him. He looked at a large clock above the elevator door, smiled, and said that he still had a minute. He removed his overcoat with deliberation and laid it down and took off his muffler. The door to the broadcasting room opened again, and the two girls came out. The announcer looked out, saw Mr. Blank, and beckoned to him. Mr. Blank advanced to the microphone, still carrying his muffler. He was announced to sing a Spanish song. He nodded to the pianist, and, as he began to sing, folded the muffler and put it in his pocket.

One of the girls who had just sung was rosily flushed. It turned out that it was her first experience with the radio. "I thought I was going to fall and almost grabbed the music rack,"

"This is Mr. Tibbs, Mother. Mr. Tibbs is a wit."
"Very well, but he must promise not to break anything."

• •

she said. "It's awful to realize that if you make a slip you can't smile or make a face or something like that to pass it off. I felt as if I had lost my personality."

Mr. Blank's voice was now coming out of the loudspeaker. Someone opened the door. Mr. Blank was apparently not worried about anything. We had a glimpse of him smiling and extending his cigarette case, without looking around, toward the announcer.

Water Everywhere

ON the night when Dr. Fosdick's church was blazing and whole battalions of firemen were shooting streams of water as thick as your thigh into the flames, the night caretaker of the Notlek Ice Skating Rink, across the way at Riverside Drive and 119th Street, could have been seen, says one who actually saw him, quietly besquirting the ice of the rink with a garden hose.

Bird Lady

IF your cockatoo has bronchitis or your canary has a sty on its eye, a good person to look up is Mrs. Hattie Williams, who runs the city's oldest boarding house for birds. Her place in West Sixty-fifth Street, called the Virginia Pope Bird Home after its original owner, is a strange sanctuary. There Mrs. Williams lives in the three-story house, with about two hundred birds and four or five women assistants, who move quietly around, filling a seed cup here, snipping a toenail there. Most of the birds are up with the dawn, and so must the women be—sneaking around on stocking feet to try not to wake the talkative parrots.

No attempt has been made in forty-five years to convert the house into an aviary; it is simply as if someone had just moved in with about two hundred pets and hadn't quite decided where to put them. Cages are everywhere—on chairs, on the floor, on the mantel over the fireplace, on window ledges, hanging from the ceiling. In a back room are Marion Talley's two canaries which she brought from abroad; over in a corner is a parrot that Margaret Anglin left there, a pensioner; in a big cage on a chair sits a white cockatoo who used to be on the stage and who confidentially beckons you to one side and does a little dance to prove it; by the door is a South American troupial who sleeps in a little flannel bag at night. Everywhere the flirting, the eager gossiping, the bright-eyed wonderment.

Having gained Mrs. Williams' permission, we wandered upstairs into a dingy room which contained only a few cages.

"How's business?" asked a voice, which seemed to come from a cage under a blanket.

"O. K.," we replied.

"Listen," continued the voice, "can't you keep still a *minute*?"

We stole quietly downstairs again. "That was Powwow," said Mrs. Williams. "A nice bird, but unbearable—I have to keep him covered. He talks about oil stocks a good deal, and tries to call Chicago on the phone."

Mrs. Williams' feathered boarders sometimes number five hundred in summer, when people leave town. Canaries pay one dollar a week, thrushes a dollar and a half, parrots three dollars. The bird lady lives a busy life. She can make a slippery-elm splint for a broken leg; she can cure mosquito bites with witch-hazel, and grippe with whiskey; she can perform surgical operations, although birds can't take anesthetics; she gives free advice to little boys who have sick puppies. She walks two miles a day, and on Sunday visits the bird house at the Bronx Zoo, for relaxation. When one of her patients

dies and she doesn't understand the cause, she has the Carnegie Institute perform an autopsy and furnish her with the report.

Tone

THIS may not sound true, but we know that it happened. During the holiday rush, a tired lady visited a bootery and asked to be shown overshoes. "We cater only to carriage trade," she was told by an elegant clerk. "Our people come in their motors and never use overshoes." The lady gathered herself and tried on some shoes. She purchased a pair and asked that they be delivered. "Ah, but we do not deliver. Our people always have their chauffeurs call for their merchandise." The shop is in a side street and the lady thinks it is making a clumsy attempt at an Avenue air.

The Meeting House

THE new telephone book for the first time omits the Meeting House from its list of subscribers, and its passing merits some attention. The Meeting House was a brownstone at 139 East Forty-fifth Street where for fifteen years a little group of gentlemen used to gather. The building belonged to the late Payne Whitney, one of the most active members. When he died he left the house to another member, Samuel Adams Clark, and some months ago Mr. Clark sold it. Now it is a rooming house, and very likely the people who occupy it know nothing of its traditions.

The club never had any rules, officers, set meetings, or dues. The founders had two purposes in mind: to get away from the usual formalities and to escape public attention. The name in the phone book meant nothing to persons who came across it and the members were glad it didn't. They were originally fourteen: Mr. Whitney, Mr. Clark, Harry Payne Whitney, Lawrence and J. M. Waterbury, Eugene Hale, Jr., Lewis S. Thompson, Finley Peter Dunne, Francis P. Garvan, Harry Curtis, Hugh D. and Edgar Scott, John Fox, Jr., and Robert J. Collier. The last three named, and Payne Whitney and J. M. Waterbury, have died. But one member was taken in after the formation of the club, Frederic N. Watriss.

Great wealth was represented in the group, and letters too, but sports, especially polo, were perhaps the predominant interest of the group. The surviving members cannot take as active a part in athletics as they did twenty years ago and this partly accounts for the decision to abandon the clubhouse. The remaining members, however, still foregather occasionally, usually in the offices of Mr. Clark in East Forty-sixth Street.

The Meeting House was filled with rare hunting and racing prints, a priceless set of photographs of polo teams in action, and countless silver cups and other trophies won by the members in group play or individual competition. Harry Payne Whitney was captain of the polo team which invaded England in 1909. The members of the club who stayed home arranged to receive the score at the end of each chukker by cable, a notable stunt in those days. A telegraph wire was strung from the polo field to the cable office in England and a similar wire run from the cable office at this end to the clubhouse.

How Silver Sweet

HIS sleep disturbed by the giggling and tittering of two men on the front steps of his quiet home in the East Seventies, an exasperated taxpayer finally went to the window, lifted the sash, and prepared to bawl out a threat about calling the police. Abruptly, however, he went back to bed with a sigh of resignation common to taxpayers. The moon had revealed the gigglers to be a patrolman and his sergeant, who were making a night of it, exchanging little anecdotes. —THE NEW YORKERS

"Come, madam, let's not get off the subject!"

IT'S A 'OME

THE cold weather is setting in. Should anyone decide to dig in for the winter, I recommend the Grand Central as a good place. That terminal, with its catacombs and its connecting clubs, offices, and hotels, now offers a complete existence—all the necessities of life, plus clean fun.

Consider for a moment! Simple but adequate living accommodations can be had in the Roosevelt, the Biltmore, the Commodore, or—by paying a nickel to cross under Forty-second Street—the Belmont. Popcorn is on sale in the Lexington arcade. Duesenberg automobiles are apt to be on sale in the Commodore lobby. For tea and dancing, you take your choice of several orchestras. The best oyster bar in town is the Union News. Banking can be done at either the National City Bank or the Equitable Trust. For squash and swimming there is the Yale Club. (I assume you are a member of the Yale Club: if you're not, just close the magazine and try to get a little sleep.)

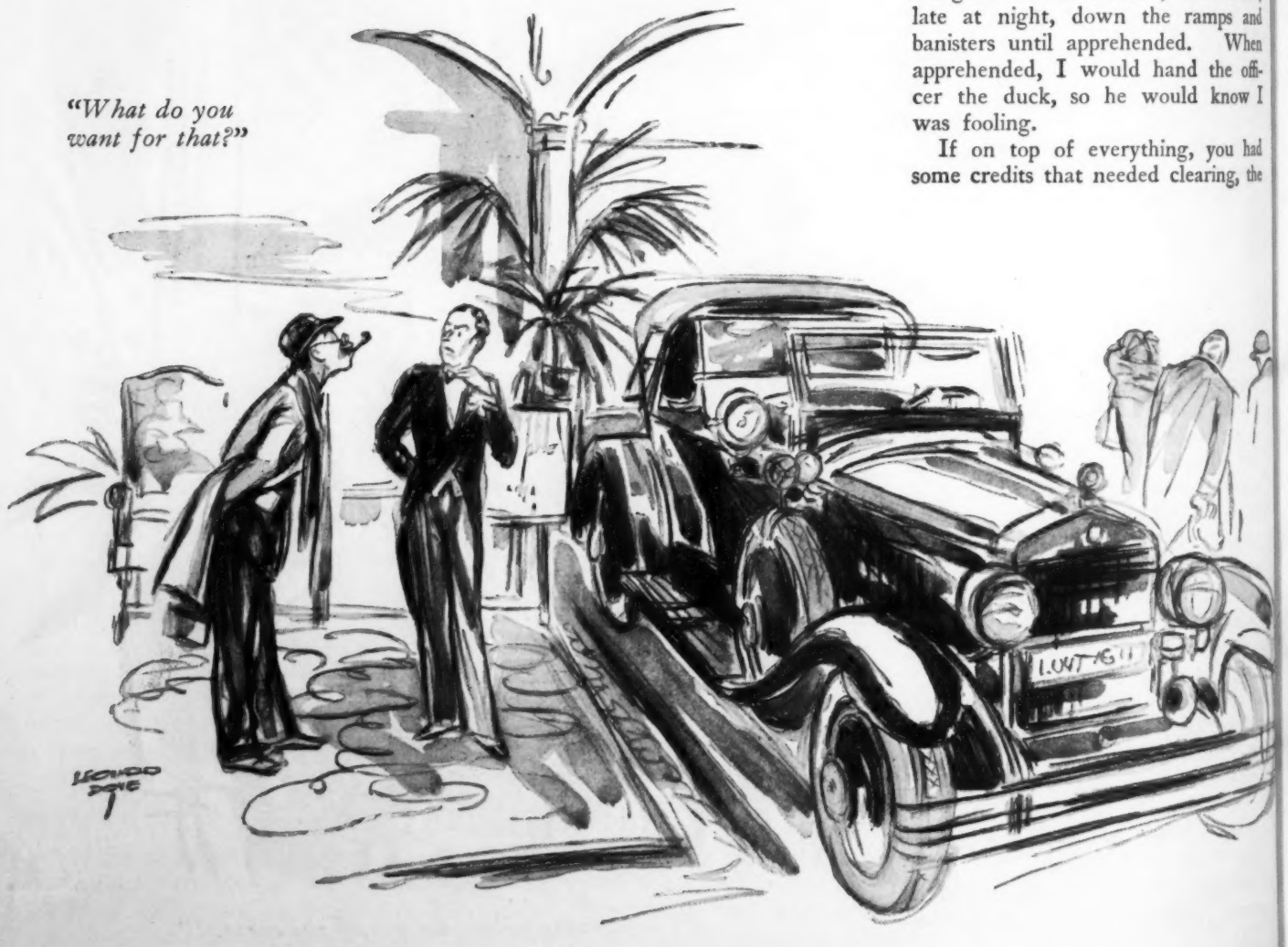
Beside the luncheonettes, newsstands, gift shops, flower shops, haberdasheries, barber shops, and other places where life's simple needs are filled, there is an art gallery in the south end of the terminal, and the Grand Central School of Art on the north side. (Take the elevator.) If you want to get married, Dr. Alfred Nicholson, Room 4610, would probbably oblige—only don't say I sent you. If you are already married and have children, turn the kiddies loose in the children's playground on the sixteenth floor of the Roosevelt, far from Ben Bernie. On Sundays, there is the meditation chapel in the Biltmore, third floor.

You can have your suit pressed, your gloves cleaned, your shoes mended in any catacomb. If your watch needs adjusting, there's a man in the Terminal Building who's terribly good—he does the conductors' watches every day. Your grocer would be Acker, Merrall & Condit, Forty-sixth Street end of the Roosevelt. For sprained ankles or maternity cases, there is a hospital in the terminal, second floor, Room 2648. Your most glorious view would be from a balcony of the Graybar Building.

THE possibilities for clean fun are almost unlimited. An auction sale is usually on at Silo's—enter through back door, Vanderbilt arcade. Golf is five cents a shot downstairs in the Commodore. If you kodak as you go, the seven-hour developing service in the Forty-fifth Street arcade would be helpful. When feeling sociable, you might pay a call on Ezra Winter, who lives in the Grand Central, top floor. (Don't tell *him* I sent you, either.) If you sometimes feel lonely among forty thousand commuters, you could get yourself paged from the sky by consulting Voice of the Sky, Inc., Vanderbilt Concourse Building. As for me, I know how I'd take my fun: I would buy a toboggan and a decoy duck at Von Lengerke & Detmold's, and coast, late at night, down the ramps and banisters until apprehended. When apprehended, I would hand the officer the duck, so he would know I was fooling.

If on top of everything, you had some credits that needed clearing, the

"What do you want for that?"



Our Own Sob Ballads

HE WAS GOOD TO HIS WIFE AND HIS KIDDIES

I

A gunman lay wounded and dying
In a hospital chamber drear.
Around him, his family was gathered
With his pals—their grief was sincere.
To his bedside now came some detectives
Who urged him the killer to name;
"He shot you from ambush," they argued
"If you tell us, we'll take the blame."
The gunman his eyes slowly opened—
His pain, all could see, was intense—
He shook his head weakly and murmured
"You bulls oughta have better sense."
And then to his loved ones he whispered,
"If I pass, I want you to see
That my funeral's grand and remember
To have just these things said of me:"

REFRAIN

He was good to his wife and his kiddies
With his pals he always was square,
And those who was out for to get him
He fought up-and-up and shot fair.
His faults, though they may have been many,
Not an enemy even could claim
That he was a heel or let out a squeal.
He died as he lived which was game.

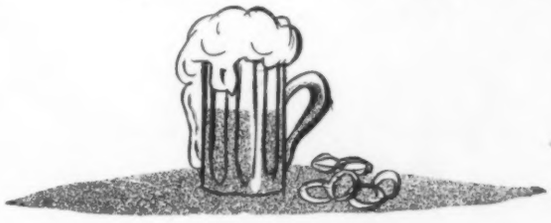
II

The doctors reported next morning
A chance that the gunman might live,
If some one his blood for transfusion
Would unto the wounded man give.
Late that day there came to the doctors,
An underworld character bad,
Who said, "I'm your man for this 'party'
For t'was me who shot up this lad.
I'm safe here at least, so get busy."
They obeyed and all turned out right.
Soon, as friends, the patients were mending.
Forgotten their murderous fight.
The gunman now asked his assailant
"Why, for me, did you risk your life?"
"It got to me hard," was the answer,
"When you said to your pals and your wife:"

REFRAIN

He was good to his wife and his kiddies
With his pals he always was square,
And those who was out for to get him
He fought up-and-up and shot fair.
His faults, though they may have been many,
Not an enemy even could claim
That he was a heel or let out a squeal.
He died as he lived which was game.

—C. KNAPP



• •

Credit Clearing House above the waiting room might extend a helping hand. Chiropodists and dentists abound (old proverb). And if you promise not to tell, I'll let you in on a secret: there is a marvellous place to ride horseback in the terminal. Go to the lower level, east side, and beyond Track Number One there is a door. The stairs behind that door lead down to a platform which is a quarter of a mile long. You have to furnish your own horse. Only myself and the American Express Company know of the existence of this platform. Starting as a straightaway, it soon gets wandering, and ends in a pump house under Fiftieth Street. Incidentally you can get out to the street there (it would be the ideal place to come up for air next spring). I tried it and it works this way: nobody stops you till you get to the pump house, which you must enter, looking as though you owned a lot of pumps yourself. Then somebody says: "Where are you going?" So you say: "I am going to St. Bartholomew's Church," and walk rather hurriedly up the iron stairs. Open a little door and there you are, so close to St. Bartholomew's Church you could knock it over with a feather.

—BAEDEKER JONES

So You're Going to Ho

1. Very likely a reporter will say to you sometime – "And have you a picture of yourself?"

2. And you will have to say "No – but I think I have a snap-shot somewhere."

5. "Let me see, there's Simpson, and there's Belcher and there's Mowry, but I don't like any of them."

6. "Well, I've been told that Mowry makes you the best looking".

9. You hurry to show your friends. "Look at my swell photographs!" "Oh – is that you? I wouldn't recognize you."

10. You hopefully try it on another. "Who is it?" says she.

Have Your Picture Taken!

3. You look and look but you can't find the snap-shot

4. So you call up a few friends to find out about photographers.

7. So you put yourself into the hands of Mr. Mowry.

8. In a few days you see the proofs. "Oh Mr. Mowry," "how lovely - do I really look like that?" And the false devil assures you you do.

11. "Which one would you rather have?" you feebly ask another. "I hate 'em all," says he.

12. Well - throw away the perfectly beautiful photographs and look again for that snap-shot!

OUR OWN MODERN ENGLISH USAGE

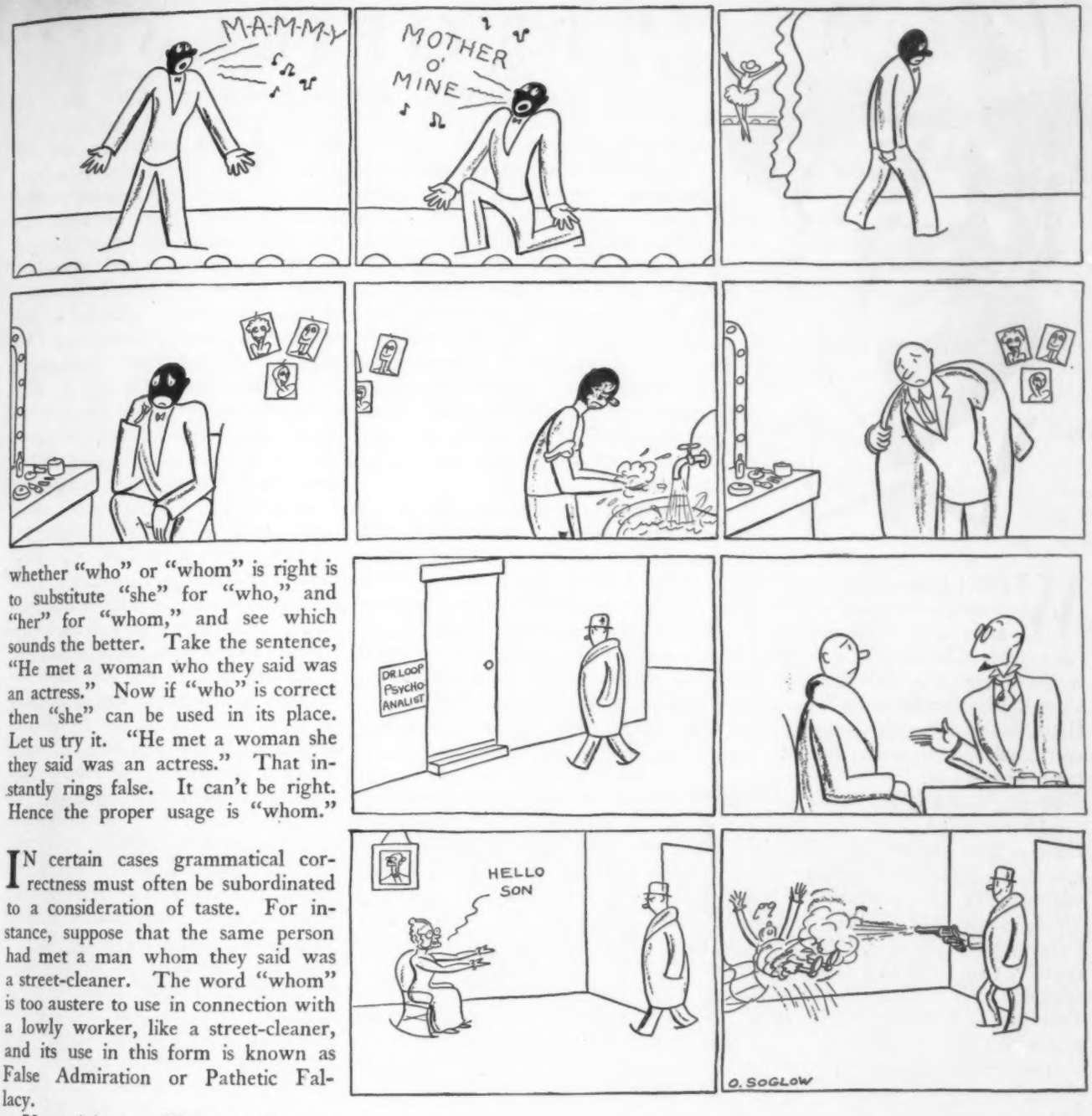
AFTER READING A BOOK ON THE SUBJECT

WHO AND WHOM—The number of people who use "whom" and "who" wrongly is appalling. The problem is a difficult one and it is complicated by the importance of tone, or taste. Take the common expression, "Whom are you, anyways?" That is of course, strictly speaking, correct—and yet how formal, how stilted! The usage to be preferred in ordinary speech and writing is, "Who are you, anyways?" "Whom" should be used in the nominative case only when a note of dignity or austerity is desired. For example, if a writer is dealing with a meeting of, say, the British Cabinet, it would be better to have the Premier greet a new arrival, such as an undersecretary, with a "Whom are you, anyways?" rather than a "Who are you, anyways?"—always granted that the Premier is sincerely unaware of the man's identity. To address a person one knows by a "Whom are you?" is a mark either of incredible lapse of memory or inexcusable arrogance. "How are you?" is a much kindlier salutation.

The Buried Whom, as it is called, forms a special problem. This is where the word occurs deep in a sentence. For a ready example, take the common expression: "He did not know whether he knew her or not because he had not heard whom the other had said she was until too late to see her." The simplest way out of this is to abandon the "whom" altogether and substitute "where" (a reading of the sentence that way will show how much better it is). Unfortunately, it is only in rare cases that "where" can be used in place of "whom." Nothing could be more flagrantly bad, for instance, than to say "Where are you?" in demanding a person's identity. The only conceivable answer is, "Here I am," which would give no hint at all as to whom the person was. Thus the conversation, or piece of writing, would, from being built upon a false foundation, fall of its own weight.

A common rule for determining

"Seventy dollars a case—and I handle only real stuff."



whether "who" or "whom" is right is to substitute "she" for "who," and "her" for "whom," and see which sounds the better. Take the sentence, "He met a woman who they said was an actress." Now if "who" is correct then "she" can be used in its place. Let us try it. "He met a woman she they said was an actress." That instantly rings false. It can't be right. Hence the proper usage is "whom."

IN certain cases grammatical correctness must often be subordinated to a consideration of taste. For instance, suppose that the same person had met a man whom they said was a street-cleaner. The word "whom" is too austere to use in connection with a lowly worker, like a street-cleaner, and its use in this form is known as False Admiration or Pathetic Fallacy.

You might say: "There is, then, no hard and fast rule?" ("was then" would be better, since "then" refers to what is past). You might better say, then (or have said): "There was then (or is now) no hard and fast rule?" Only this, that it is better to use "whom" when in doubt, and even better to re-word the statement, and leave out all the relative pronouns, except ad, ante, con, in, inter, ob, post, prae, pro, sub, and super.

—JAMES THURBER

•

WANTED—Gentle horse, single, 1200 pounds—*Colorado Springs Evening Telegraph.*

Even a single horse has his memories.

•

PORTRAIT AFTER WATTEAU

Your gilded apricot brocade
  Illumines gardens of late fall.
Lady, what exquisite parade
Is this? Whom would your voice persuade?
  Who might follow if you should call?

You wear a fine, a foamy lace.
  A fluted ruff makes use of pearls
To soften your disdainful face.
  Surrounded by a wreath of girls,
You puzzle and enchant the place.
  (*Here tambourines are shaken.*)

They cannot cure you of disdain.
  Whatever madrigal they sing
Is woven with your thoughts in vain.
  So dark a dream no vibrant string
  Can change, for all its murmuring.

Is it because you cannot find
  In the old gardens anywhere,
Fastidious love tuned to your mind?
  And so Watteau must leave you there,
  As though a rose should know despair!
  (*Here the harp has a cadenza.*)

—GENOVA CHARLOT

PROFILES

HETTY GREEN'S SON

Colonel E. H. R. Green

WHEN Edward Howland Robinson Green was nineteen and a senior at Fordham, he decided it would be pleasant if his mother would make him president of the Chemical National Bank of New York. Hetty Green's plans for her boy, however, included no such short cut to fame and power.

Shortly after his graduation in 1888, the Richest Woman in the World led her son into one of her vaults in a downtown bank and gave him a parcel addressed to a San Francisco bank. "Ned," she explained, fixing him with piercing gray-blue eyes, "this package contains two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in bonds. Take it to San Francisco and deliver it. Be careful that it isn't lost or stolen."

The first evening on the train young Green sat the night through, watching his satchel, and during the rest of the trip, when he slept he kept the package under his pillow. He was worn and pale but overflowing with relief and pride when he finally handed the precious burden over to the bank officials. One of them opened it and burst into laughter. "What do you mean, telling me you have bonds here?" he asked. "Take a look." The "bonds" were cancelled insurance policies.

HETTY GREEN permitted no fond maternal impulse to influence the rigor of her son's rearing. She was as shrewd a judge of men as of commercial paper. As Ned approached manhood she observed, with disquiet, that he had inherited not only the huge physique but other qualities of his father. She set out to eradicate some of these and, in part, succeeded.

The father, Edward H. Green, was a figure in the club and social life of New York in the sixties and seventies. At the Union League they called him "Spendthrift Green." He had returned to America after seventeen years of grubbing and hardship in the Philippines, and got a booming joy out of spending some of the million or more he had acquired exporting fruit, hemp, and nuts.

It was a nine-days wonder when Harriet Howland Robinson chose him as her husband in 1867. Two years before, at thirty-one, this young woman, whose peculiarities of temperament and pinching of pennies were already the talk of the town, had inherited nine million dollars from her father, Edward Mott Robinson, Quaker and shipowner. The alliance was a love match, but gossiping tongues found relish in details of an ante-nuptial agreement—drawn, it was chuckled, by the hand of the bride-to-be. In this remarkable document, the bridegroom pledged himself to support the canny Miss Robinson and any children she might have, precisely as though she had come to him penniless.

Green persuaded his bride to post off on a long foreign tour (her first and last), and on August 22, 1868, at the Langham Hotel in London, Edward H. R. Green was born. Two years later a second child, Harriet Sylvia Ann Howland Green, was born in America. The family lived in New York and Bellows Falls, Vermont, Green's ancestral home, until 1884, when Green's fortune was swept away in Wall Street. The ante-nuptial agreement became a scrap of paper. Green, rheumatic and broken, retired to the Cumberland Hotel and until his death in 1902 lived in a room furnished with a table, a bed, and a couple of cheap chairs, on a none too generous allowance from his wife.

HETTY GREEN's dollars were working for her all over the United States when, upon her son's graduation, she undertook to train him to be her first emir. As the primary step she placed him in a New York law office and had him drilled in realty law. Then, in 1890, she took him to Chicago, where she had enormous holdings, and rented a room in the Owings Building. Here, month after month, in the sooty atmosphere of downtown Chicago, she schooled him in the management of millions.

Ned Green had grown into a portly, jovial youth, who looked ten years older than he was. He was six feet three, well over two hundred pounds in weight, and wore a mop of a mustache. As the result of a coasting accident in boyhood, he wore an artificial limb and walked with a cane. The cane, it is worthy of note, was a trick affair. When you pressed a button cigarettes and matches appeared. From childhood Ned Green had been interested in new tricks and gadgets of all sorts. He was, too, a theatre addict and haunted Chicago's many places of amusement. His mother did not object when he'd slip out of the Southern Hotel, at Wabash Avenue and Twenty-second Street, evenings; but she insisted he be in Room 1105, Owings Building, early each morning, with a good clear first-mortgage head.

Hetty discovered delightedly that her huge cub was a natural businessman and needed no coddling. He was frank and friendly with everyone, and his mother saw that his ready sociability was good for business. She did not object even when he talked with the press. In Green's scrapbook is a yellowed cutting from the Chicago *Herald* of May, 1891, first of many hundreds of interviews. Tersely the young man of twenty-three summed his life: "Born a Quaker, brought up a Protestant, educated a Catholic, by business a Jew."

BY 1893 Hetty Green was ready to test her son in a more individual field than downtown Chicago. She sent him to Texas to foreclose a seven-hundred - and - fifty - thousand - dollar mortgage against a wretched piece of railroad called the Texas & Midland. Then she said: "Now the road is yours. See what you can make of it." Young Green moved to Terrell, a town on the

line, and made so much of the opportunity that, at the end of eighteen years, his properties there were worth more than five million dollars and he was employing twenty-five hundred men.

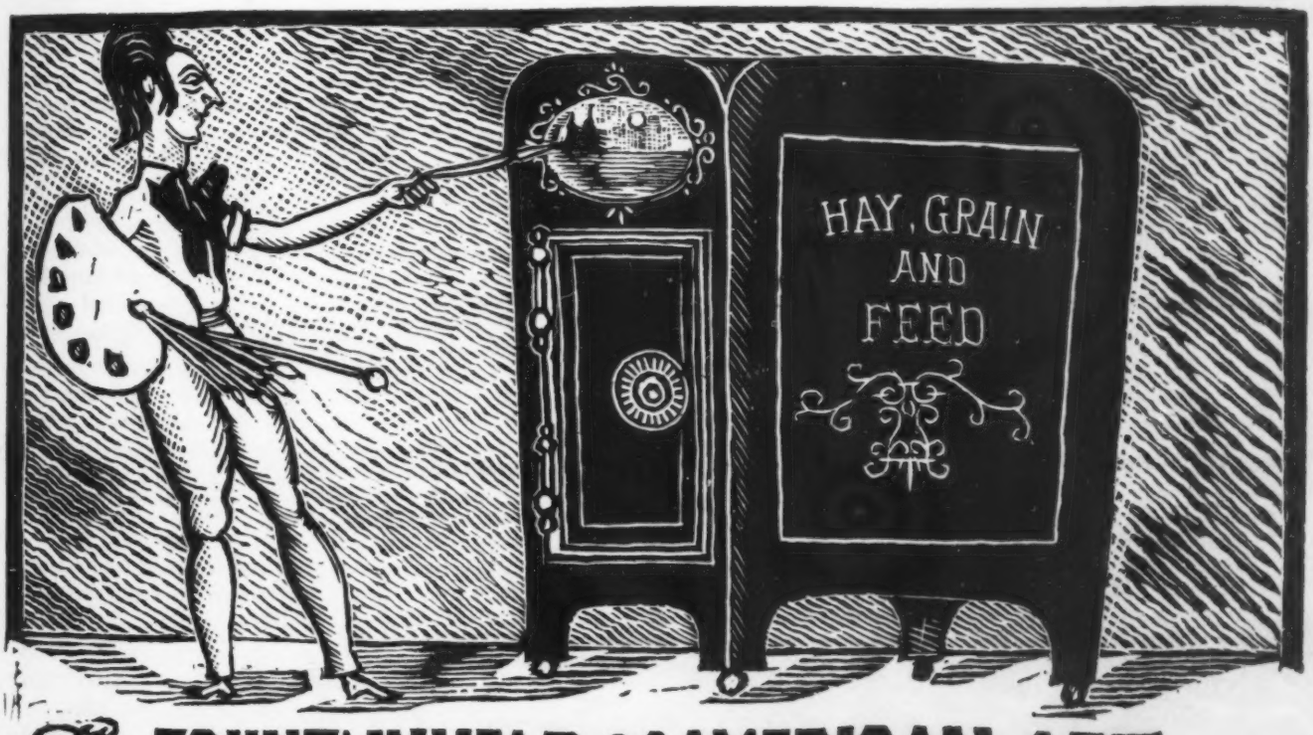
Texas and Green took to each other from the start. Texas found him a neighborly sort. He rocked over the prairie in the first motor car the section had ever seen, visited farmers and businessmen, kept open house at his own home, and built up business for the Midland. In due course he became affiliated with any enterprise that promised to make money—cattle lands, wheat fields, mines, business blocks, ice-cream stores, baseball teams, real estate. He soon became a "character" and nowhere in the world are "characters" more beloved than in Texas.

Proof of this came when he went into politics. He was, of course, a traditional Republican and, with the aid of "Gooseneck Bill" MacDonald, blackest negro in all Texas, and other lieutenants, sought to breathe life into the Texas G. O. P. This puzzled his friends but did not diminish his popularity. A Democratic governor, Colquitt, made him a colonel on his staff for four years. He leaped into every civic movement and was avidly interested in everything new in science. In 1896 he followed Marconi's transatlantic experiments and sought to adapt the new art of radio to railroad use. The apparatus did not work satisfactorily but Terrell was vastly entertained by the experiments. The town was thrilled even more when Colonel Green aided the experiments of Lubin, one of his employees and a pioneer motion-picture man.

"Do you remember the pictures," asks Green, "where a locomotive came steaming around a distant curve, through a tunnel, across a bridge, and finally swept straight toward you on the screen? Most of those scenes were made on my railroad." Other roads would not permit such foolishness, but the Colonel often helped tie the heroine to the cowcatcher and watched the hero in ardent pursuit on a handcar.

His interest in aviation also dates back to the pioneer period. He financed five French fliers who were stranded in Texas. Word got to his mother. "If you go up in a plane I will disinherit you," wired Mrs. Green. "It was too late, though," chuckled the Colonel. "I had flown the day before." The threat of disinheritance was not very terrifying. By then Green was a director in twenty-seven companies in Dallas. Everything he touched turned to gold. While experimenting with a boll-weevil exterminator, he built some greenhouses and later used them to grow American Beauty roses and carnations. Soon he was clearing one hundred thousand dollars a year from this side line alone.

DURING all the gay Texas years, Green knew that some day his mother would summon him to New York to manage her vast properties. The summons came in the summer of 1910. Hetty was seventy-five and felt herself slipping. She had a troublesome law suit on her hands, and three weeks before, her pet Skye terrier, Dewey, had died. In the seven years since the marriage of her daughter to Matthew Astor Wilks, the dog



The FOUNTAINHEAD of AMERICAN ART

THE LANDSCAPE ON THE OFFICE SAFE

ENG BY JOHN HELD JR MASTER OF WIT AND SATIRE

had been the only companion of the eagle-eyed old woman in the faded black dress who lived in cheap flats, incognito as far as possible. Colonel Green greeted his mother with tender reverence, took an apartment at the Waldorf, and pitched into work and play.

Soon he became the pride of the Sunday supplements. He seldom missed a first night, and received all callers with affability, including the gentlemen of the press. Though a bachelor he expressed views on marriage, children, and other problems with gusty freedom. "I am going to marry a woman—not a clothes-horse.". . . "New York women marry for a home to live out of.". . . These interviews brought a deluge of perfumed notes from aching hearts anxious to grab off a million or two. The flattered Colonel demonstrated that he was a romantic by tying the letters with ribbons and preserving them.

It was not until 1917, however, that Green married a lady from Chicago whom he had known for some years. Miss Mabel E. Harlow was two years his junior, and wealthy. "I am marrying the best little lady in the world for a real home," explained the groom. "My mother knew Miss Harlow well. Mother said she was the most sensible woman she had ever met."

Hetty Green had died a year before, almost to the week. The woman who gripped the imagination of her generation left sixty-seven million dollars to her children but directed that the estate be held in trust for ten years.

Accrued valuation, it is said, made the share of Colonel Green and his sister about fifty million dollars each when final division was made in 1926.

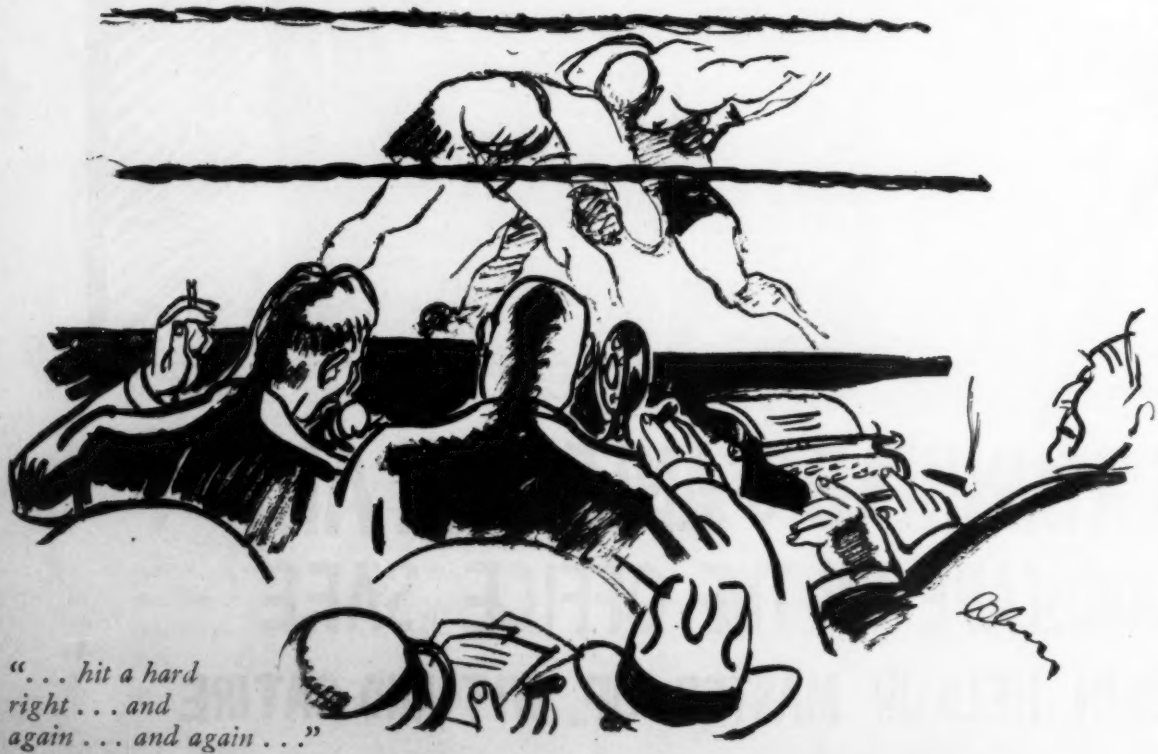
MOST men of fifty, possessed of as many millions, would gladly have succumbed to the glorious luxury of inertia. The energetic Colonel, however, determined instead to indulge hobbies that had been riding restlessly in him all his life. The result was the establishment of a group of remarkable private experimental laboratories and the lavish outlay of so many of Hetty Green's millions that one wonders her spirit does not flutter protestingly from the old Episcopal Churchyard in Bellows Falls.

The Colonel chose for his site two hundred and fifty acres, on and overlooking Buzzard's Bay at South Dartmouth, Massachusetts. The land included an original grant made in 1687 to his maternal ancestor, Young Howland, cabin boy to Miles Standish on the Mayflower.

The estate is called Round Hill. Here, for years a hundred technical men have carried on experiments in radio, radio movies, electricity, photography, and allied sciences. The Colonel bears the enormous expense cheerfully and always welcomes a man with a new idea. In 1923 he built a private radio station (WMAF) at a cost of half a million dollars. At regular intervals programs are brought by wire from New York, amplified, and broadcast. The Green loudspeakers can be heard for miles, and they draw a huge and variegated audience in boats and motors and afoot. In summer the Colonel mounts a receiving set on a truck and has his chauffeur drive through the countryside, supplying entertainment in public parks, at hospitals, and elsewhere.

As an amateur photographer the Colonel has few peers. One of his laboratories is devoted to photographic experiments. Using a camera of forty-eight-inch focus, he has secured recognizable pictures of scenes ten miles away.

AT THE GARDEN



". . . hit a hard right . . . and again . . . and again . . ."

When Lindbergh accomplished the Atlantic flight, our Maecenas of the sciences went wild with delight. He ordered solid-gold Spirit of St. Louis pins for his friends and promptly began construction at Round Hill of a two-million-dollar airport, flying field, and aviation experimental centre. Next year this will be turned over to the War Department for one dollar. A great salt marsh has been pumped full of sand for an airplane runway, latest-type hangars have been put up, and a breakwater built in the bay to shelter seaplanes. The Colonel hopes the field will be useful for fog-flying experiments. He is fascinated also by the possibility of projecting pictures of landing spots to the dashboard of a moving plane—supplying the pilot with "radio eyes."

Despite his other hobbies he has found time to assemble a stamp collection valued at a couple of millions. He and King George, another ardent collector, have exchanged rare items.

ROUND HILL is open to the public, and motorists are permitted to drive through the estate. Every few rods there is a sign "Go Slow, Bump Ahead." The bump never materializes, but the crafty Colonel succeeds in having his unique show place viewed with proper leisure. He himself makes the rounds of the estate in a small electric brougham, since rheumatism now makes walking difficult for him. The brougham attains a speed of fifteen miles an hour and is large enough to shelter the Colonel's two-hundred-and-fifty-pound frame and leave room for his dog. A small loop receiver is attached to the roof of the machine, so the master of Round Hill is never out of touch with his beloved radio. Behind the seat is a book rack, and a writing table folds into the side.

The Green home is a great Gothic castle of granite looking down from a promontory upon flower beds and winding pathways to the sea. It was built about a steel frame and designed upon the same principle as an office building. Some day it will become the administration building for a group of hospital or educational structures, for Round Hill and its wonders are eventually to pass to the public.

Colonel and Mrs. Green have one joint hobby. Since their marriage they have educated many, and adopted some, orphan girls. The wards are sent to finishing schools and to Wellesley. By twos and threes they visit "Uncle Ned" and "Aunt Mabel" at Round Hill and are often guests in winter on the Green houseboat at Florida coast resorts.

THE Colonel craves public approval. One of his pet anecdotes concerns an occasion when he listened, incognito, to a half-dozen men discussing his death, in a smoking compartment of a train. The death of Colonel William Green, copper-mine owner and Texas cattle raiser, had been reported in the papers. "Too bad about the death of Hetty Green's son," remarked one passenger. Others chimed in, praising Hetty's son. "It was a pleasant surprise to me," says the Colonel. "First time I realized that I was really an angel."

—JOHN K. WINKLER

•

ANOTHER SPEAKEASY NIGHT

[WITH APOLOGIES AND BENISONS]

THE Palatial Speakeasy is in the basement of the Argonaut National Bank. To get to it you have to go through the bank, past the desk occupied by the president, a portly, apoplectic man of about fifty-six. As you pass he looks up without hope.

"How about a bond? I got some nice bonds. Cheap."

No one ever pays any attention to him.

The bar itself is located in one of the safety deposit vaults downstairs. It is made of steel, with long rows of rivets that are good to scratch matches on. The bartender, whose name is Jake, was once a bank examiner. As he tells you about it, his secret eyes narrow, and he smiles.

"I was once a bank examiner."

The customers are mostly people who came into the bank to make de-

posits and got tired of standing in line —elderly women in expensive evening clothes, young men in overalls who do card tricks, demimondaines. There is only one regular customer, a tall sullen girl with a face the color of wet newspapers, who sits on a safe in the corner and drinks Roget '84 out of a tooth mug. Each time a customer comes in, she looks up angrily. Her eyes are bitter, implacable.

"Who the hell let *you* in?"

AS the evening wears on, her face relaxes and she begins to sing—"He was light as a bartender's handshake." She repeats the line over and over, waving the tooth mug in time with the music. Watching her, you decide there has been some tragedy in her past—some unfortunate love affair. When anyone else tries to join her, her eyes grow cunning, almost diabolical.

"I can play a flute."

"Isn't that nice?"

"Isn't what nice?"

"Why—uh—that you can play a flute."

"Who in a hell ever said I could play a flute?"

She goes on singing. Very few people ever speak to her twice.

THE liquor at the Palatial Speakeasy is not very good—you're apt to find bits of paper—torn bonds or currency—floating around in your glass. It's pretty strong though, and after a while the customers begin to get noisy, shouting and kicking their feet against the hollow steel bar, which gives off a mournful booming sound like an enormous bell. At these times the president is apt to appear at the head of the stairs which lead down into the bar.

"Ladies, gentlemen, please! What am I going to tell the directors?"

No one ever pays any attention to him, and presently he goes away again, unhappily. The girl on the safe keeps on singing . . . "'He was light as a bartender's handshake' . . . Who in a hell ever said I could play a flute?"

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

LEAD FROM THE DUMMY

For how my neighbor does her hair,
  And where we went upon a walk,
And why the dish-towels will not wear
  Is all I have for table-talk.

And how the market did its stuff,
  Or what the comics have to say,
And if the gin has kick enough
  Is how he spends the end of day.

And in the silences I hear
  An echo of the brilliant things
And solemn thoughts we had last year.
  They flap by on discouraged wings.

We could be bright, we could be wise,
  Converse in ways delectable—
But then, in other people's eyes,
  Would we be quite respectable?

—ELSPETH

• •

OF ALL THINGS

HERBERT HOOVER's decision to come back to Washington without delay has caused widespread rejoicing among the Neediest Cases. Many seem to be under the impression that Mr. Hoover is still food administrator.

•

Major Chester P. Mills promptly received the twenty-five-thousand-dollar check for his prize-winning solution. At a late hour last night, however, bootlegging had received no check whatever.

•

What, we wonder, does a Durant prize-winner celebrate his victory with, and what do 23,228 unsuccessful contestants drown their disappointment in?

•

Revenue from cigarettes increased fourteen million last year and it is possible that this item may save us from a deficit this year. In time of trouble there is nothing so helpful as a nice vice.

•

The talkers' marathon in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory was not much of a success. In our bigoted opinion one talented senator could have out-talked the entire lot.

•

The President, at last accounts, was enjoying a vacation on Sapelo Island, where he did not have to listen to lame-duck Congressmen or press any buttons opening things.

•

In New York the holiday season passed happily with half of the citizens believing in Santa Claus and the other half believing in Grover Whalen.

•

Visitors to the Automobile Show are requested to drive carefully while in our midst. Do not run over pedestrians, as they are probably ex-commissioners of police. Otherwise they are authors of books about India.

•

It has been found that England has moved away from France five yards in the past three hundred years. This movement, we understand, has the hearty support of both parties.

•

Washington politicians, we hear, are deeply concerned about Mr. Hoover's attitude toward the old faithful warhorses. Will he appoint outstanding Republicans to posts of honor and profit or leave them outstanding?

•

Somehow the government's financial condition always turns out to be much better than was expected. A hundred million puzzled citizens would like to know how that can be worked.

•

The New Year opens auspiciously with Bolivia and Paraguay trying to compose their differences and the New York Republicans agreeing not to shoot Governor Roosevelt except on Tuesdays and Fridays.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"What's the matter, Joe?"
"Damn it. I came away without a handkerchief!"

THE THEATRE

REVIVED WITH MUSIC

PROBABLY the most refayned entertainment in town is "Falstaff," compiled by James Plaisted Webber from the Shakespearean annals of that magnificent person, and equipped with a score by Porter Steele and lyrics by Brian Hooker. Now there was nothing refined about the fat knight, if you'll remember, and in "Falstaff," at the Coburn Theatre, some of the good, round Elizabethan oaths have been preserved, but somehow each one comes out like a benediction. It's just that kind of a venture.

When I was in college we used to give two plays a year. The midwinter play represented the choice of the Dramatic Club, but into the choice of the spring play the English faculty thrust an authoritative finger. And what gruesome things those spring plays were! What anemic children of Culturine and a Stern Sense of Duty. We gave "Doctor Faustus," and "The Alchemist," and "Gammer Gurton's Needle" costumed with a genteel approximation of accuracy, and mouthed unenthusiastically by young men under the impression that perhaps by so sacrificing themselves they'd get a better mark in English.

"Falstaff" is very like those spring plays. It's all filled with toothy, joyless smiles, and Morris dances, that are each an epitome of joylessness. One wonders what chimerical academic rewards have been dangled before the participants.

As for Falstaff the person, he remains what he has been for several centuries, the subject of some magnificent, disjointed scenes, all of them by William Shakespeare.

Mr. Charles Coburn's interpretation of him is adequate. Mrs. Coburn's Mistress Ford comes too close upon the heels of Mrs. Fiske's to permit that adjective.

I thought the music exceptionally lovely in an academic way, and Katherine Reece an entrancing-looking Anne Page.

"LITTLE ACCIDENT"

Here are the mamma and papa (Katherine Alexander and Thomas Mitchell), and the baby who plays the title rôle and causes all the funny situations in the naughty, but not really very naughty, comedy at the Morosco Theatre.

IN the background of "Hello, Daddy!" at Lew Fields' Mansfield Theatre, there lurks an old German farce. It is mentioned by the program only in a whisper in the list of credits. Herbert Fields, who is set down as the author of the book, evidently had a terrible time trying to lick it into shape as part of a picture of contemporary life in America. It remains unhidden and unlicked.

A part of "Hello, Daddy!" is concerned with a Purity League, of which a Mrs. Block is president. The activities of the Purity League consist in the investigation of the past of various persons, including Mrs. Block's husband. Granted that one checks one's incredulity at the door of all musical comedies (no waiting after the performance), this Purity League is hard to accept, and once accepted is one of the least funny devices I have encountered. In "Hello, Daddy!" there is also much talk of a dancer called The Lightning Bug, with whom, twenty years before, Mr. Block had an affair,

and for the support of whose child, born the following Christmas, he has been paying an allowance ever since. Mr. Block's brother-in-law and cousin are in exactly the same position with regard to The Lightning Bug.

Then there's a young man named Noel, because he was born on Christmas, who wants to marry a daughter of the house of Block and, instructed by someone or other, goes first to Mr. Block, then to Block's brother-in-law, with arms outstretched and the word "Father" on his lips. That's not so hot either.

The farcical situations finally reached through these complications are amusing enough, but oh, it's a weary way before one gets to them!

The tedium of the route is relieved by charming costumes and settings, by a delightful, gay performance by Betty Starbuck, by Billy Taylor as the limp Noel, by the grace of Mary Lawlor and the insouciant Allen Kearns, and by some good tunes which—even if you don't like them at first—you're sure to like as repeated by the three crooning Giersdorf Sisters.

When the farce comes into its own, it rests in the expert hands of Lew Fields, as Mr. Block, and of George Hassell, as the brother-in-law. Maybe it's just because, during my formative years, Mr. Fields was my ideal of funniness, but in the top moments of "Hello, Daddy!" he seemed to me very funny indeed.

"Hello, Daddy!" is a definitely second-rate show, but, the finding of amusement being the grim business that it is, if you must take Cousin Henry from Schaghticoke to something musical and there are no seats available for "This Year of Grace," "Animal Crackers," "Whoopee," "Hold Everything!" or "Three Cheers," it might do.

AT the Shubert Theatre, "The Red Robe" is an operetta, made from Stanley Weyman's novel, by Harry B. Smith and Edward Delaney Dunn. The star of it is Walter (Derring-Do) Woolf.

It takes place in 1630, when Cardinal Richelieu was so busy pottering around in romantic messes. This time the Cardinal has guaranteed to stamp out a conspiracy of which the chief conspirators are the Comte and Comtesse de Cocheforet and Mademoiselle Renée de Cocheforet. On his promise to capture de Cocheforet, Richelieu has spared the life of one Gil de Berault, the greatest duellist in France and known to all as The Black Death.

Gil de Berault is starting out on his mission when he rescues a young woman set upon by some hearties, and falls in love with her. He proceeds to the Château de Cocheforet only to find the young woman there, the greatest friend of the de Cocheforets. He makes a worse discovery, for when the Cardinal's Guards, under Sir John Blunt, come to the château and have cornered the Comte in the secret passage, the young woman appeals to him not to let her brother be taken. She is Renée de Cocheforet! Gil has promised his life or de Cocheforet's to the Cardinal, but he has also promised to help his love should she ever need assistance. There is but one thing to do, and when the Cardinal's Guards finally chase the fugitive into the garden, Gil de Berault herds him, his wife, and his lovely sister across what appears to be an ornamental and somewhat aimless bridge in the garden. He stands at its head, sword in hand, fighting off the Cardinal's men, and just as he is about to be overwhelmed the bridge turns out to be a drawbridge, and is hauled into the air with Gil standing on it in the embrace of his Renée, and the thwarted military gazing at a yawning gulf beneath.

That's the big climax, and it only remains for the Cardinal to fall from favor, be restored to it, and do some forgiving—all the time hovering as close as a character in a Shubert operetta ever did to a rendition of Wolsey's speech to Cromwell: "I charge thee, fling away ambition . . . ."

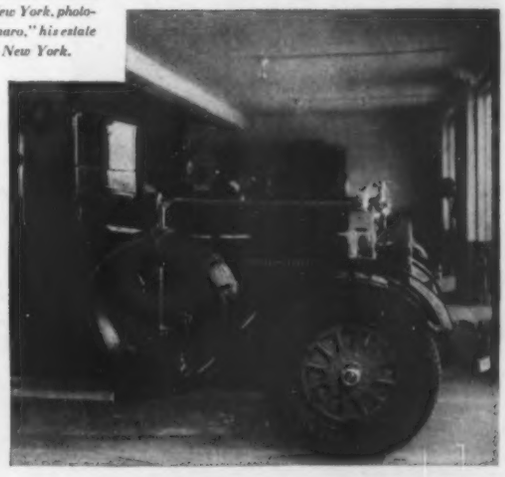
"The Red Robe" was inevitable after "The Three Musketeers." It is accoutred in a manner almost exactly midway between Blois and Riverside Drive, and in it the word "monsieur" suffers some of the direst humiliations to which an alien polysyllable can ever have been subjected. I felt that I'd been deafened by most of the music at some time or other before. (Mr. Woolf, for instance, defies the audience with a song to his sword, "My sword is my friend, my friend to the end," which has a contemptuously familiar ring.) The comedy is in the rather haphazard charge of Barnett Parker, as a nance Captain, Barry Lupino (who fights Gil and, thinking to terrify him, claims

• •

"What d'you think of Nurmi?"

BENEATH ITS OUTWARD BEAUTY IS UNFAILING POWER AND STRENGTH

A Lincoln all-weather cabriolet, with body by LeBaron, specially designed and built for H. E. Manville, Esq., of New York, photographed at "Hi-Esmaro," his estate at Pleasantville, New York.

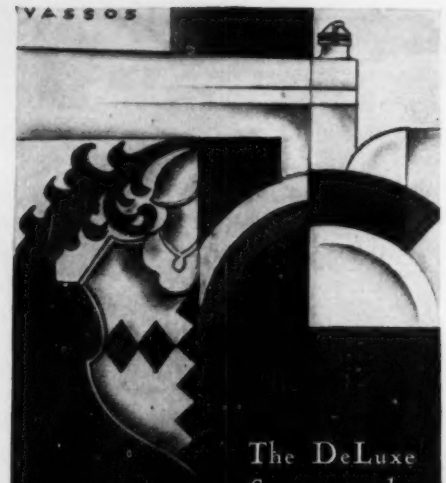


You can take your Lincoln abroad with you and feel proud to drive it down the Champs Elysées . . . you can go anywhere in London's West End, and see nothing smarter . . . you can tour day after day in it, and ride in perfect comfort. . . . For here is a car designed by the most famous coachmakers . . . Le Baron, Locke, Dietrich, Judkins, Willoughby, Brunn. (There are no yearly models. The Lincoln that you buy today will not be out of date tomorrow. Like all fine things, it grows old gracefully.) . . . A car so finely constructed that you do not even have to break it in. A car that has the timeless beauty of things in perfect taste. . . . In a word, an automobile so quietly distinguished that you will never cease to congratulate yourself upon your own good judgment in selecting it.

The Lincoln Motor Company, a division of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

THE LINCOLN



The DeLuxe Series is the latest addition to the Packard line. Its nine models have been completely endowed with all desirable motor car attributes — comfort and good taste, grace of line and charm of appointment. And its construction is Packard's greatest achievement in 29 years of building superior automobiles.

To motorists who have sought a car of surpassing excellence and distinction at less than $10,000, the Packard De Luxe Eight will appeal strongly. It is priced from $4710 to $6110 delivered in New York City.

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BROOKLYN
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PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
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PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

Ask the man who owns ONE

that he is Gil de Berault), and Violet Carlson, who pursues Lupino with her customary violence. It all sounds as though it couldn't be worse, and yet I enjoyed it rather better than I did the slower and infinitely handsomer "The Three Musketeers." It has just a touch of that ridiculous romantic quality with which the novels of the nineties teemed, and of which one vestige, be it no bigger than a grain of mustard seed, makes me feel friendly toward a piece.

If you're able to take "The Red Robe" seriously, you'll have a grand time at it; if you laugh at it quite a good deal, as I did, it still isn't a bore.

Mr. Woolf performs the lighter gestures allotted to him rather conscientiously, but registers tenderness and valor so that you know they're Tenderness and Valor. Helen Gilliland, recruited from England, is very nice as the distressed Renée.

ANOTHER novel of the same epoch was unhappily disinterred to make a musical show at the Liberty. It is "The Houseboat on the Styx," by John Kendrick Bangs. I never read the book, but the play is a dreary gathering together of people like Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh, Helen of Troy, and Cleopatra. The jokes consist of references to the fact that Henry had six wives, and that Raleigh put down his cloak for Elizabeth. There are also some up-to-date puns such as Elizabeth's comment on Mary, Queen of Scots: "That was one affair I won by a neck."

I couldn't think what "The Houseboat on the Styx" reminded me of for some time; then it burst upon me. It sounded exactly like a Class Prophecy. Having settled that, I left.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

•

GLASS HOUSE

I live in a glass house,
And I am safe and warm.
Roses reassure me,
Canceling the storm.

I overhear the wind
Like a bee that drones,
While I sit and finger
Smooth strong stones.
This sheltered life I lead
Is fortunate, I know!
. . . I am just trying to decide
Which stone to throw.

—GENOVA CHARLOT

The other night after theatre we noted

Fay Bainter
Helen Kane
Carl Laemmle
Walter Woolf
José Ruben
Phil Baker
Eddie Buzzell
Ona Munson
Vincent Lopez
Morris Gest
Eddie Cantor
Heywood Broun
Ann Pennington
Helen Menken
Ben Bernie
Geo. S. Kaufman
Gertrude Lawrence
Al Jolson
Florenz Ziegfeld

at their favorite tables. And it was no *special* occasion. Almost *any* evening's after-theatre clientele at Reuben's is like another's. Is it the food here? Assuredly! Is it the cozy, intimate, old-English-Tavern atmosphere? *Certainment!* All smart New York, all epicures, all cosmopolitans who know the *joie de vivre* realize that nothing can take the place of Reuben's—*after theatre.*

Reuben's counters of delicacies serve the pantries of New York's éclat. *You may order and be serviced* promptly *any hour of day or night.*

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***Always Open:* Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre**
Madison Ave. at 59th — Broadway at 81st
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from a sandwich to a National Institution

"Yeast builds resistance," says PROF. DOCTOR PAUL REYHER

famous lecturer at the University of Berlin

"THE MEDICINAL USES *of yeast are many-sided. There is a high percentage of Vitamin B in yeast . . . Vitamin B bears a very close relation to the proper functioning of the nervous system. It also improves the appetite, regulates metabolism, promotes growth and raises the body's power of resistance to every kind of infection . . . One can see, therefore, that yeast contains a remarkable healing factor.*"

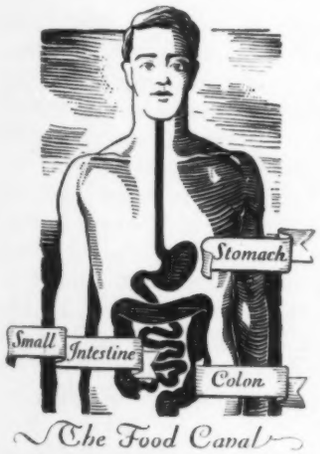
Prof. Dr. Reyher

PROF. DR. PAUL REYHER

Lecturer, University of Berlin, on Vitamins, X-Ray and Pediatrics; Director, Children's Hospital, Berlin, which he built and equipped. The Germans refer to this hospital as "the jewel box" because of its perfect appointments and beauty of structure.

ANOTHER of the great medical leaders of Europe to add his voice to the movement of health preparedness is Prof. Dr. Paul Reyher, of the University of Berlin.

Dr. Reyher has made an exhaustive study of yeast. His findings extend new hope to all who suffer from indigestion, headaches, nervousness, depression, too frequent colds and sore throat—sure signs of constipation and lowered vitality.



The Food Canal

FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. 90% of ills start here. Poisons from clogged intestines easily spread through the system, lowering resistance to disease. But here is where yeast works. "Yeast builds resistance," says Dr. Reyher. It keeps the entire intestinal tract *clean, active* and *healthy*. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly.

In a recent survey throughout the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast for constipation and its attendant ills.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these live yeast plants pass daily through your system, they rouse the muscles that control elimination, combat harmful poisons. Your digestion improves. Your skin clears.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one cake before each meal or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy two or three days' supply at a time, as it will keep in a cool, dry place. Start now!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. Y-88, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN, *where Dr. Reyher is a noted lecturer.*

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

Copyright, 1929, The Fleischmann Company

THE WAYWARD PRESS

WELCOME AND A COUPLE OF BIRDS

THE outstanding feature of the past month in local newspaper circles (and circles is what some of them are running in) was the unveiling of the great, big, beautiful *Morning Telegraph*. On Tuesday, December 4, the *Telegraph* emerged from the mad-house in which it had been prancing about for some time, evidently chagrined at having been known among the boys as "the only newspaper owned and run by a woman," and became a rather extraordinary thing in journalism—a dignified sporting-and-dramatic sheet. Whether it is *too* dignified or not remains to be seen, but there ought to be enough people who like nice things, and still want to know how to bet, to give it a good run for its money.

The dignity of the *Telegraph* lies chiefly in its makeup, which is as beautiful as anything we have ever seen in a newspaper. We have always had an almost physical feeling for the front page of the *Times*, but now along comes the *Telegraph* and away we go, ever ready to run after the first pretty typeface. We are sorry that they decided to use rules between their columns after a week of trying it without, for without rules it had an added distinction which was almost startling. We may just frame a copy of that first *Morning Telegraph* and keep it to look at whenever we get disgusted with the crassness of modern life.

Of course, the danger which the *Telegraph* runs with so many writers signing their stuff and trying to get the personal touch into their stories is that some of it will get pretty unbearable, but we must admit that so far nothing dire has been printed. We didn't think that there were so many newspaper writers in town who could remain calm under a by-line. The stuff is light and readable but not *too* readable, and the information dispensed is all that could be asked. With Ring Lardner running a column four times a week, the paper ought to be able to run forever (and will, so far as we are concerned), and if Ben Hecht is going to write about fights as he wrote about the Canzoneri–Singer duel we shall have to take up reading boxing news again. Although we are forced to skip the last seven pages of the paper, owing to not knowing one end of a horse from the other, we find plenty to instruct and amuse us in the dramatic pages (under Whitney Bolton and Willard Keefe), the moving-picture department (under H. David Strauss and Aileen St. John-Brenan) and the miscellaneous articles by Westbrook Pegler, Perry Johnson and the rest.

Our only warning to the *Telegraph* would be to remember that its distinctive makeup gives each story a prominence which it may not deserve and that, especially on Sunday, the copy from the press-agents seems to be getting a pretty heavy play. Probably the *Telegraph* doesn't use any more press-agent stuff than any of the other papers, but it seems more because it shows up better. Mr. Belasco's message to Civilization, in the issue of December 13, couldn't have been more beautifully set if it had been Lincoln's Gettysburg speech—which it wasn't.

WE also wish that whoever it was who signed the name of the editor of this department to the contribution to the *Telegraph's* symposium of praise for its new dress hadn't couched the paean in racing terms. As we have intimated, we know nothing about racing except to put our money in mortgages, and the appearance of our name under a distinctly toutish message caused no end of laughter among our sporting acquaintances. We would gladly have sent a word of congratulation to the *Telegraph* (as we are now doing) but would have couched it in terms more in keeping with our sequestered life.

"Dear Dr. Cadman—"

ALTHOUGH it has been a long time since the *World* indulged our passion for news from the animal and pet world, there is still a spot in its daily makeup to which one may look for photographs of equal unimportance. We do not know what the boys in the *World* makeup department call Page 3, columns 2 and 3, but it might well have an office nickname of The Dump or, in NEW YORKER phraseology, the Ho Hum Department. Almost every day, if you will open your *World* to Page 3 and look at the second and third columns, you will find there a large photograph, or perhaps two or three small ones, dealing with some item to which the nation is totally indifferent as a whole.

It was here in this spot that we used to find most of the stories of Maltese cats who hatched out eggs for friendly ducks, or of Mickey the fox-terrier who carried letters away from the front door-step and dropped them in the gutter for his master. Now that the pets are not functioning for the *World's* news-staff, we find recorded in this consecrated spot the fact that five New York girls have been elected to the Art Board of the *Vassar Review* (with pictures of three of the lucky misses); that Dr. Frederick Ziman dressed up as Santa for the tots of the Manhattanville Day Nursery and had his picture taken; that Prof. Louis A. Hazeltine has given up radio invention and gone to California to devote his time to mathematics and that his hobbies are walking, swimming, canoeing,

NINE TRUE SHADES

ALL COTY ODEURS

Regular Size
ONE DOLLAR

Double Size
DOLLAR-FIFTY

Les Poudres COTY

ACCLAIMED SUPREME BY THE FAVOUR OF 25,000,000 WOMEN

The subtle art of powdering is brought to complete perfection with your own exact shade of COTY Face Powder—*the most important rule of smart make-up.*

BLANC
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ROSE No. 1
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RACHEL No. 1
RACHEL No. 2
OCRE ROSE—OCRE
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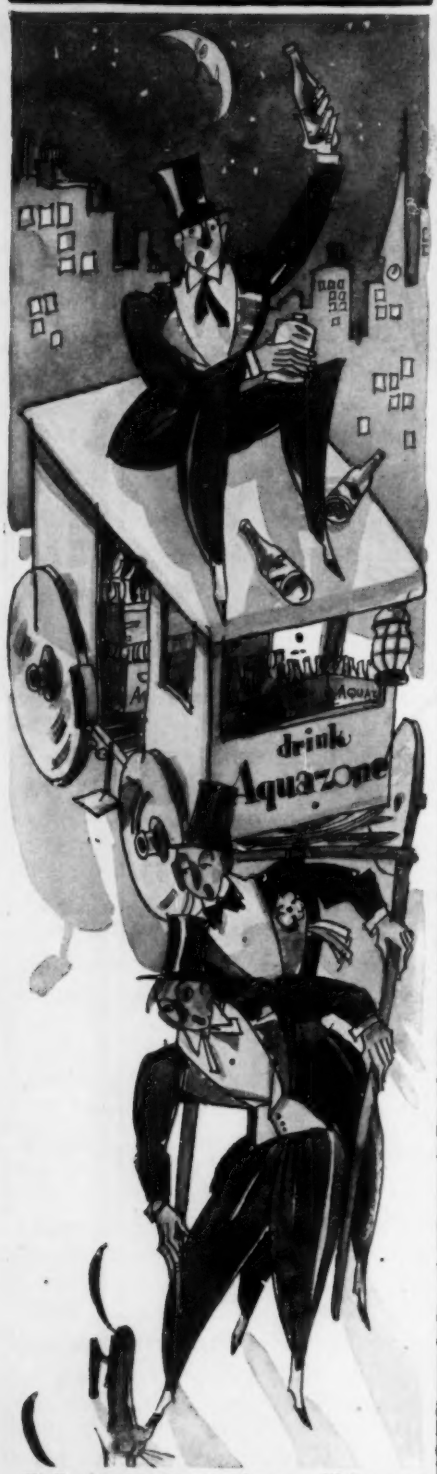
THE COTY COMPACTE — *for your hand-bag*
IN THE SAME ENTRANCING SHADES AND ODEURS

"PARIS"
CHYPRE
L'ORIGAN
L'AIMANT
EMERAUDE
JASMIN DE CORSE
LA ROSE JACQUEMINOT
STYX, ETC.

COTY INC., 714 *Fifth Avenue, New York.*

The Water Tower



Well, these young gentlemen will have no headaches the next morning, for—look at the picture carefully—they are all drinking Aquazone, the only mineral water supercharged with oxygen, always sparkling, delicious. Incomparable as a mixer. Served at all good clubs, restaurants, hotels, inns and road houses. For sale by Macy's, the Busy Bee Stores, the Daniel Reeves Stores, Gristede Brothers and Charles & Company. Sent to you from the nearest place on a call to LEXington 5953.

THE AQUAZONE CORPORATION
420 Lexington Ave.

tennis and mathematics; that "Uncle Charley" Terry, winner of the contest conducted by the National Traveling Salesmen's Foundation to find its oldest active road-drummer, was resting at the Hotel Lincoln, together with a photograph of "Uncle Charley" telling "a good one" to John R. Love; and so on and so forth, each day a fresh shock to the reading public, each day a further proof that when old cuts die they go to Page 3, columns 2 and 3 of the *World*.

TOO important, however, for Page 3, was the *World's* story of December 12 about Samuel E. Casseday's romance. This made Page 1, and well it might, for it told of how Mr. Casseday's widowerhood had been relieved by a cartoon of W. J. Enright's in the *World* of July 29. It seems that Mr. Casseday had been living alone for six months since the death of his wife, with dishes cluttering up his sink and loneliness in his heart.

Then, to quote the *World's* story: "Came spring, with his firm, the Archer Rubber Company of 200 Fifth Ave., Manhattan, placing its trusted employee on pension. The widower worked in his garden and tended his hens. But his spirit was not quiet. He wanted something; what, he did not quite know.

"On Sunday, July 29th, he was turning the pages of *The World*. A cartoon, drawn by W. J. Enright caught his eye. It showed a kitchen, just like the dusty, cluttered kitchen at No. 127 West Clay Avenue. And it showed a man, with a worried face, sitting there amid the dust and clutter, wondering 'where the little woman is.'

"Casseday looked at that cartoon. 'That's my picture. All except the cat, that's me.' Which statement was followed by a nausea, a nerve crisis ending with a Philadelphia doctor advising a sea-trip. Casseday knew better. Enright had meant only one thing when he drew the picture of the man in the womanless home; he had meant that without 'a little woman' Sam Casseday was doomed to putter round his place there and die in undusted boots.

"So Casseday caught up the threads of an old romance. He asked the girl who some fifty years ago had preferred school-teaching to a haphazard marriage with a gay Middle Westerner. She could not marry him. He

¶ Living luxuriously is as much a matter of *where* as of *how* ..The location of Tishman Apartments is as carefully selected as the construction is carefully planned.

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941 PARK AVENUE
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Duplex Apartments of
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285 MADISON AVENUE
Owners and Builders Since 1898

Montreal
ABROAD!
without crossing the seas.
Thrill to the Old World Charm of this incomparable city! (Second largest French speaking city in the world)
Here is King Winter's gay capital, and gorgeous Mount Royal is his throne. Ten minutes from your hotel and you are in the heart of a mountain playground with winter sports of all sorts.
Just the place for the week-end or longer.
DE LUXE PULLMAN SERVICE
10 Hours from New York
For booklet write
No passports required
Montreal Tourist and Convention Bureau, Inc.
New Birks Building
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In the Chicago Territory the Chicago Tribune's Circulation of 857,000 daily and 1,207,000 Sunday CAN DO THE JOB ALONE!

HOW THE TRIBUNE COVERS CHICAGO

METROPOLITAN Chicago is a community of 1,034,069 families.

Eleven of the 46 merchandising districts which comprise residential Chicago are above average in buying power. The 233,272 families living in these eleven districts buy 205,585 Tribunes daily and 209,841 on Sundays.

Fourteen districts of average buying power contain 232,129 families, who buy 145,164 Tribunes daily and 185,033 on Sunday.

Twenty-one districts of below average buying power contain 308,139 families —the majority either foreign born or living on the bare margin of existence. They absorb 151,122 Tribunes daily and 178,899 on Sunday.

In the suburbs the story is the same—160,577 Tribunes daily and 166,181 on Sunday distributed among 253,581 families with nearly perfect selectivity as to buying power.

What better coverage of ABLE-TO-BUY families could the automotive advertiser ask?

TODAY, on the threshold of 1929, the Chicago Tribune can announce that:

With its present record-breaking circulation, the Chicago Tribune reaches practically every English-speaking, able-to-buy family in metropolitan Chicago.

Without aid from any other medium, it can place practically all the buying power of the gigantic Chicago market at the advertiser's disposal.

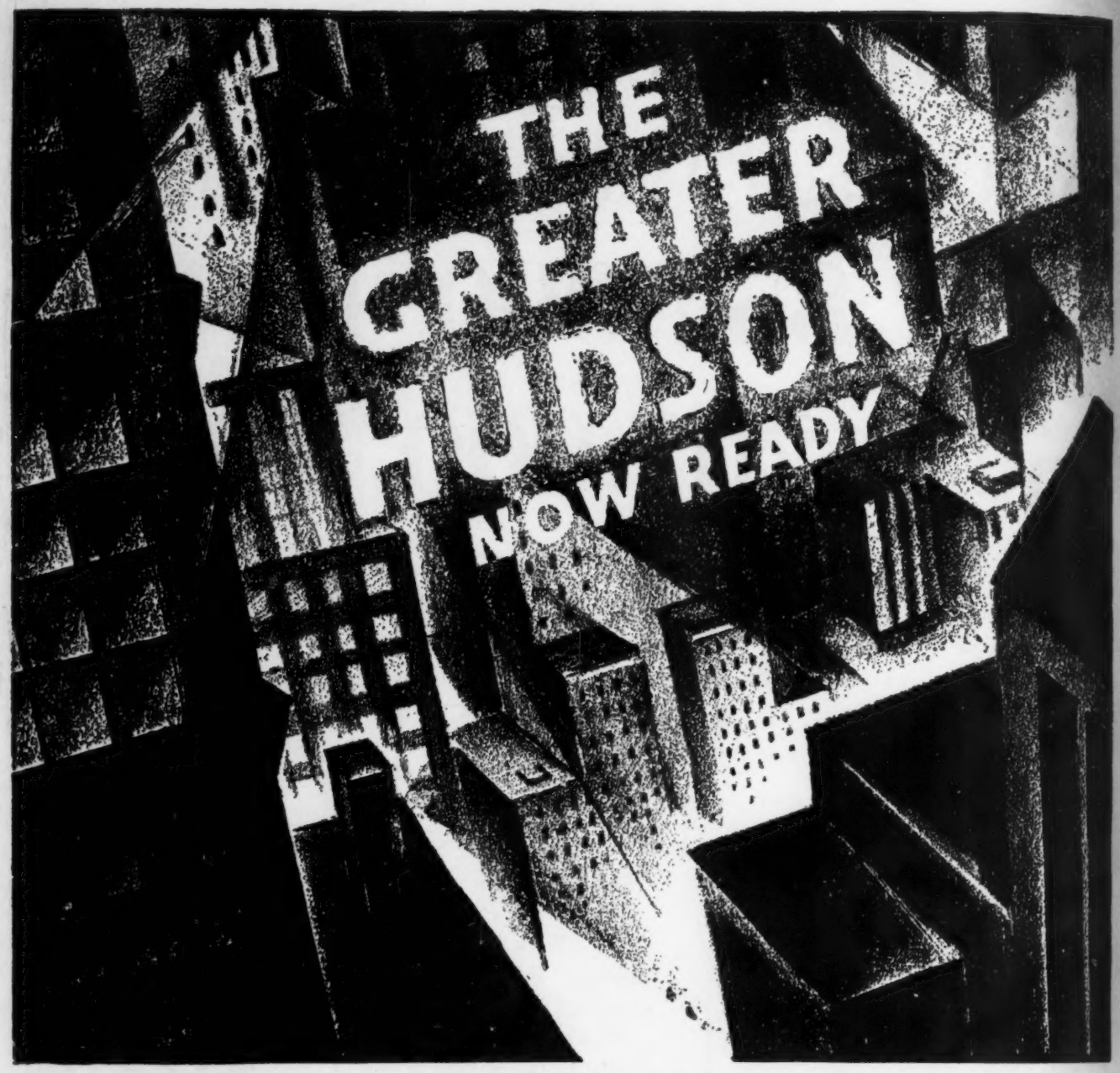
What more could advertisers ask? What more could automotive manufacturers ask? Here is America's second greatest market—spender of nearly two billion dollars in the retail stores of Chicago alone, spender of $200,000,000 yearly for automobiles, $25,000,000 for tires, in the city of Chicago alone. And in this huge market is one newspaper which passes by the illiterate, the indigent, the non-English speaking—and reaches practically all the rest, every day in the year!

To reach the full buying power of this market, you need use the Chicago Tribune only.

Chicago Tribune

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

November Circulation: 857,020 daily; 1,207,104 Sunday



1,000,000 SUPER-SIX OWNERS

THE GREATER HUDSON . . 92 Developed Horsepower . . Over 80 Miles an Hour, 70 Miles an Hour All Day . . Greater Economy . . 64 Improvements Including: *4 hydraulic two-way shock absorbers . . new design double action 4-wheel brakes . . non-shattering windshield . . larger luxurious bodies . . finer throughout . . all prices sensationally lower.*

No group of motorists is better qualified than Super-Six owners, to understand the vast improvements made in these cars, or to appreciate the advantage they hold in performance, roadability, appearance and value.

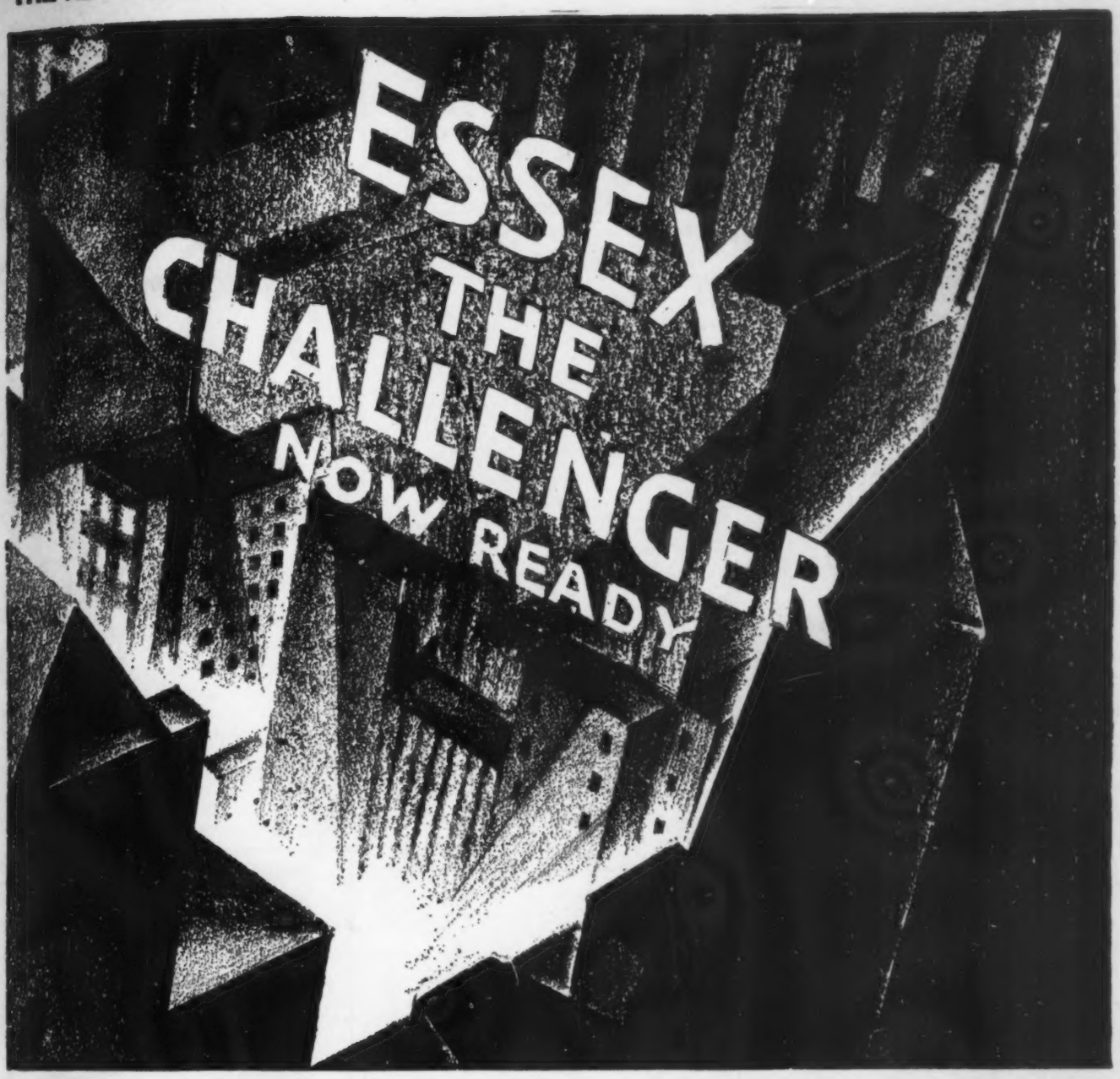
What these 1,000,000 owners know has made Hudson and Essex the world's largest selling Sixes. What they will find in these new cars they will tell their friends. That endorsement will speedily inform all motordom of a Greater Hudson and Essex the Challenger.

Both cars have long had outstanding merit and distinct price advantage. Now they are improved beyond anyone's expectation, and priced so

14 Body Types
2 Chassis Lengths

$1095

AND UP AT FACTORY



ARE INVITED TO JUDGE THEM

ESSEX THE CHALLENGER . . . Power increased 24% . . . Top Speed over 70, and 60 Miles an Hour All Day . . . 76 Improvements Include: *Even greater economy . . . 4 hydraulic shock absorbers . . . double action, weatherproof 4-wheel brakes . . . new carburation . . . larger, finer, roomier bodies . . . wonderful new prices.*

low as to exclude consideration of any car comparable in performance, appearance and quality.

Dealers have the cars for you to inspect and drive. Against your own experience with a Super-Six, and what other motor car knowledge you possess, pit them in every test you know. No car is excluded in your test for fast get-away, speed, hill climbing, easy driving and easy riding. None is excluded in your comparison of roadability or smoothness at all speeds. None can surpass them in brake efficiency. None in reliability or economy. And in all that counts for smartness, there is in the Greater Hudson and Essex the Challenger, everything you admire with price advantages heretofore unknown.

7 Body Types

$695

AND UP AT FACTORY

HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

WHEN you hustle and hurry through your morning shave, if the razor skims over parts of your face—if it only hits the high spots of your beard — something isn't clicking. Like as not, it's the shaving cream. Then's the time to turn to Squibb's Shaving Cream — to the cool, smooth, thorough shave that Squibb's always gives.

Experts studied and experimented for four years to perfect Squibb's Shaving Cream. For months they tested it in a barber-shop. It's a great shaving cream.

The only way to get to know the bland shaving comfort that Squibb's gives you, is to try it. Drop into any drug store and buy a tube. Only 40c.

Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

tried another. She too found it impossible to share the bungalow."

Well, anyway, suffice it to say that Mr. Casseday at last found Miss Jessie Lindley who was willing to come in and clean up his kitchen, and the *World* and Mr. Enright may be credited with an assist in one of the prettiest little romances since that of Abélard and Héloïse. And there, on Page 1 of the *World*, are the photographs of Mr. Casseday and his love-bride to prove it.

JUST as almost any picture of any South American city would serve to show where President-elect Hoover was received today, or even the same cut of the same city day after day, so is there a sameness about all photographs of the opening of Congress which might make it possible for the newspapers to save quite a bit of money. We defy anyone to tell the difference between the pictures of the openings of the short and the long sessions of Congress, or the Fifty-third and the Fifty-second, for that matter. Even the clock behind the Speaker's desk is always pointing to noon. Why not just get up one stock cut for Rio de Janeiro and one for the opening of Congress and change the captions as needed? The only need for care would be in not calling the opening of Congress "Scene in Buenos Ayres, where Mr. Hoover was enthusiastically greeted yesterday."

WE are sorry to note that the *World* is letting its prohibition feeling get into its standards of public life. Its heading to the story of the death of George Remus' mother on December 12, said that she had seen her son "rise" from drug-clerk to bootleg king. When one of our greatest newspapers considers that one *rises* from anything to being a bootleg king, what are we to tell our children? After all, Keats was a drug-clerk.

THERE is nothing which shatters a good reporter's sense of values so much as going on a scientific expedition. What with the heat, or the ice, or the ennui, they begin sending back stories which are naïve to the point of being monosyllabic. There probably never was a more worthy expedition than that of Commander Byrd, or a better newswriter than Russell Owen, but under the necessity of sending back stories to the *Times* from the City of New York

THE MANAGER SHADOWS EACH SERVICE DETAIL

THE NAVARRO
A Residential Hotel
112 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
(WEST 59TH STREET)
Ask for Mr. Thomas
and in the Park Plaza Section
HOTEL WYNDHAM
42 WEST 58TH STREET
Built, owned & operated by Samuel Minskoff

Permanent Waving
and Rewaving
Cluzelle
45 W. 57th. St., N.Y.
Telephone 4135 Plaza

Eighteen Gramercy Park
SOUTH
(East 20th St., Cor. Irving Place)
A RESIDENCE
FOR WOMEN
TEL. GRAMERCY 6000

PACKARD

Each Packard is built to the exacting requirements of the world's most discriminating clientele

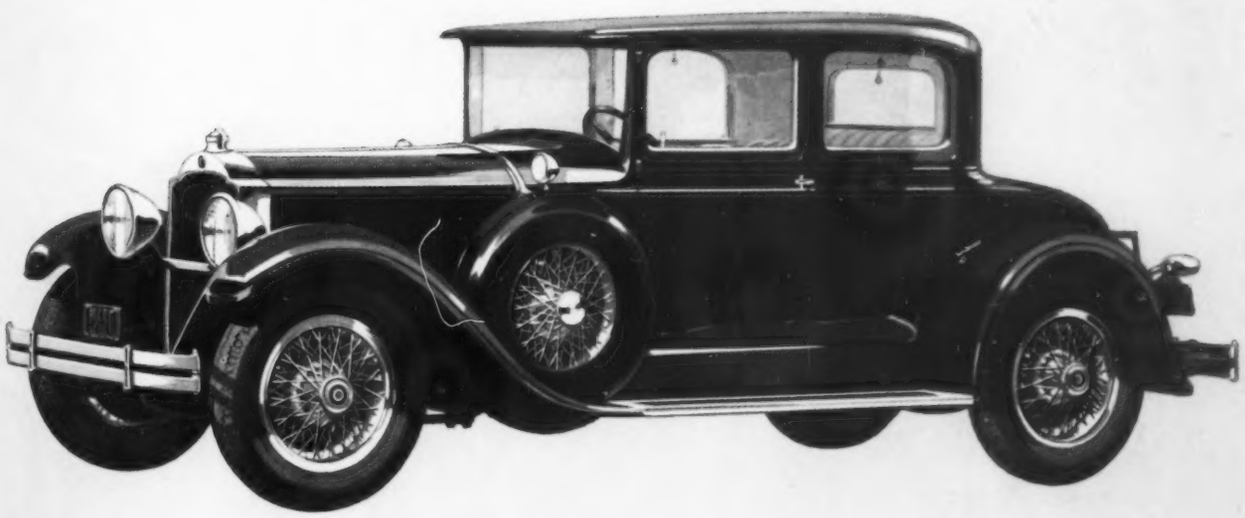
Packard, like its patrons, demands and selects only the best the world provides.

Discriminating taste, experience, exact knowledge and scientific equipment, combine to aid in the selection of the diverse materials which Packard craftsmanship finally molds into the modern miracle of luxurious transportation.

There are artists in other fields than color, form and fabric. Packard has also its connoisseurs in steel, in bronze, in aluminum, in wood, in a score of other highly specialized departments. These men pick Packard materials with a fine appreciation of their responsibilities in upholding a priceless reputation.

Fine workmanship demands and deserves the best of materials. In things unseen as in things seen, a Packard must measure up to the one standard of quality which Packard knows—the highest.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



GRAHAM
PAIGE

As Another Year Begins...

The public and the automobile trade are cordially invited to inspect the complete line of Graham-Paige sixes and eights, with refinements and improvements which represent our earnest endeavor to keep abreast of the times and to make our product constantly better.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

NEW YORK AUTOMOBILE SHOW
GRAND CENTRAL PALACE
AND THE BILTMORE

Graham-Paige offers a wide variety of body types, including roadsters, cabriolets, coupes and sport phaetons, on five chassis.

THE C. H. JENNINGS CORPORATION
Broadway at 56th, New York

GRAHAM-PAIGE BROOKLYN CORPORATION
1275 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn

GRAHAM-PAIGE COMPANY OF NEWARK
226 Central Ave., Newark

GRAHAM-PAIGE

he is letting himself record items which can hardly be thrilling even to members of the expedition. He is also doing a lot of Ralph Barbour "honor-of-the-school" writing.

There is something about any Byrd expedition that instills a terrific spirit of fairness and heartiness into its members. This is all very fine, of course, and it must help make the days pass joyously to feel that everyone is a bully good chap and that all work is fun. But it makes rather hearty reading for those of us who sit at home by our warm firesides snarling at each other. In one of Mr. Owen's dispatches we read that the City of New York lost her main lower topsail in a gale and that "several of the amateur sailors aboard assisted the experienced seamen in mending the sail and Commander Byrd also went aloft and helped the rest. His face was streaked with soot when he came down after a strenuous hour aloft, but he had a good time." And then, as Dick Merriweather might record in his diary that he was sending home to Uncle Tom, "altogether it has been a happy ending to an experience which might have been much more unpleasant."

In his description of the gale, Mr. Owen allows his enthusiasm to lead him into taking a chance: "Behind rises wave after wave," he writes, "some of them twenty to twenty-five feet high, perhaps a little more." But then, to counterbalance his rashness in this, he says: "The wind is blowing so hard now that the albatrosses fly backward. One of the pilots suggested that they have to look over their tails as they land, but that's stretching it a bit." So you see, at least the *Times* can not be sued. Altogether a jovial ending to a story which might have been much more worth sending by wireless. —Guy Fawkes

•

As they were about to be booked on the disorderly conduct charge, Billie complained of the heat and started to remove her picture hat. Something fell to the floor near her feet. To the officer's surprise, it was a pint bottle of rye unbroken. —*Variety.*

What's wrong with that picture hat?

•

Three men were crippled when Jeems announced dinner

OF COURSE they knew. It had been bruited about the town that here was a hostess who knows her *oignons* when it comes to serving a real dinner with a truly Continental flavor. Of course, (you have guessed it) she uses Guasti Cooking Sherry.

GUASTI Cooking Sherry is the same fine old sherry that has made the name of Guasti famous for years... with enough salt added to remove it from the beverage class yet just enough to season food for the average taste.

It is now legally available at leading grocers. There are other Guasti Cooking Aids too, including Guasti Sweet Sherry Flavoring, Guasti Sauce a la Bercy, Guasti Sauce a la Bordelaise, Guasti Sauce a la Newberg, Guasti Sweet Port Flavoring, Guasti Sweet Sauterne Flavoring.

Send to Dept. 513 for free copy of "Treasured Flavors," a new kind of recipe book containing favorite recipes of famous chefs.

GUASTI

(PRONOUNCED GWAH-STEE)

COOKING SHERRY (SALTED)

(Permit No. L. A. Cal. H10033)

ITALIAN VINEYARD CO. *at Guasti, Cal.*

[*Operating the largest vineyard under one ownership in the world. Established 1883*]

11 Hubert Street - New York City

Home Office... 1248 Palmetto Street, LOS ANGELES

Branches... NEW YORK, CHICAGO, NEW ORLEANS

Has Francois Tempted You?

Tonight — after-the-theatre — come to Rosoff's. François has a menu of surprises for you. Never have you tasted waffles, or sandwiches, or desserts, or light supper specialties quite like these. And François'

Planked Lobster Casino ($1.00)

Charmant!! Magnifique!!!

Here, indeed, is the greatest inspiration of Broadway's greatest purveyor of sea food.

"Let's go there tonight!"

Rosoff's

AFTER THE THEATRE

East of Broadway

43 steps on 43rd Street

44 steps on 44th Street

SALE

Pending arrival of Spring Woolens, . . DeGez announces attractive reductions in remaining lengths of all-year-round materials. Overcoatings included.

Reductions

$85 Suits *now* $70

$75 Suits *now* $65

$65 Suits *now* $55

Tailored to order. Formal clothes not included

DE GEZ

Gentlemens Apparel

554 5th Avenue

Between 45 and 46 Streets

STARTING JANUARY 7th

The

HAMILTON

BERMUDA

Bermuda's largest, best-known hotel, entirely fireproof stone construction. Rates from $7 per day, including all meals.

Largest, most beautiful grill—splendid dance orchestra. Golf, tennis, yachting, bathing. Address The Spur Travel Bureau, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York, any travel agency, or Glenwood J. Sherrard, Manager, Hamilton, Bermuda.

Why is the Man Pounding the Table?

HUSH ROLLO, he is an advertising agency man.

That old timer with the long white beard has just asked why he doesn't recommend using three newspapers in Pittsburgh.

The advertising man is all excited. He has made a special study of the Pittsburgh market and the Pittsburgh newspapers.

That's why he's pounding the table. He knows his stuff.

Listen to what he's saying.

"Use three newspapers in Pittsburgh? It's just a waste of money.

"Of course if you want to spend a lot of money there, alright.

"But you're spending quite a hunk now—and you're not getting the results that you should.

"You're scattering your shot.

"Pittsburgh is really the easiest city in the country in which to run a successful newspaper campaign because it's really a one newspaper town.

"The Pittsburgh Press goes into nearly all of the English reading homes in the immediate Pittsburgh area.

"And by that I mean the eight mile radius from the City-County building, with its over a million population.

"With a little over half the expenditure you now make in three newspapers, you can use The Press exclusively—with advertisements twice their present size—and do a better job.

"If you want to cover the entire Greater Pittsburgh Market of nearly two million, add on a few smaller town newspapers in the outlying districts and you've got it.

"Pittsburgh is not an advertising problem—if you use The Press.

"And that is that."

Little Rollo turned and grinned. "Even I can understand that" he prattled.

Yes Rollo, and so can thousands of others, judging by the tremendous increase in exclusive accounts shown by The Pittsburgh Press.

The Pittsburgh Press

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND MEMBER OF THE UNITED PRESS

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS · · · National Advertising Departments

250 Park Ave., New York City · Chicago · Philadelphia · Detroit · Los Angeles · San Francisco · Atlanta

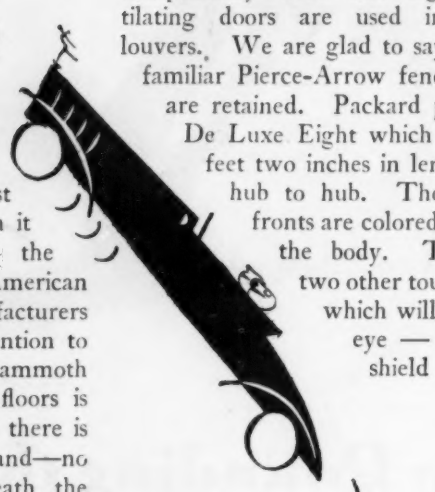
THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW

European Flavor and a Mammoth Rug—Moldings, Curves, and Experiments in Color—The Little Ones Turn Radical

THE New York Automobile Show, opening at the Grand Central Palace at 2 P.M., January 5, is a most sophisticated one. The admission of foreign cars, for the first time in many years, has given it a touch of Piccadilly and the Champs-Elysées, and the American cars show that their manufacturers have paid a great deal of attention to details of style. Having a mammoth golden-brown carpet on the floors is a major improvement. Now there is warmth to the decoration and—no small blessing—comfort beneath the feet. Another eminently sound move is the grouping of most of the higher-priced vehicles on the second floor and the foreign vehicles on the third.

More ample proportions, abandonment of the 1926 flatness of line, and a preference for curves rather than angles are the characteristics of the 1929 cars. Wider moldings running from the base of the windshield post to the back line of the rear side window are another typical motif. Perhaps the most insistent touch of all is the frequent use of a collar before the windshield on the top of the hood. The so-called collar is noticeably in vogue in many of the cars. It is a molding in front of the base of the windshield that comes around in points at either side. The new Hudson adopts this style, as do Locomobile, Chrysler, De Soto, and some of the Packard models.

Among the more expensive vehicles, grouped on the second floor, Stutz catches the eye with its extremely low-hung Black Hawk—a new vehicle not to be confused with the former Stutz special model of the same name. The Black Hawk is distinctly in a mode of its own, with an unusually deep design and swank metal-studded aprons above the running-boards. Pierce-Arrow, always an exponent of aristocratic restraint, appears for the first time with a straight eight, conspicuous for its simplicity and the absence of unessential décor. The sedan model, in a deep blue, presents a wide body with a narrow black border running below the windows from the rear to the radiator shell. The windows are exceptionally wide and high. Ventilating doors are used instead of louvers. We are glad to say that the familiar Pierce-Arrow fender lamps are retained. Packard presents a De Luxe Eight which is twelve feet two inches in length from hub to hub. The radiator fronts are colored to match the body. There are two other touches here which will catch the eye — a metal shield covering the gasoline tank and the rear of the frame and springs, and an adjustable visor to protect the eyes when driving into the sun.



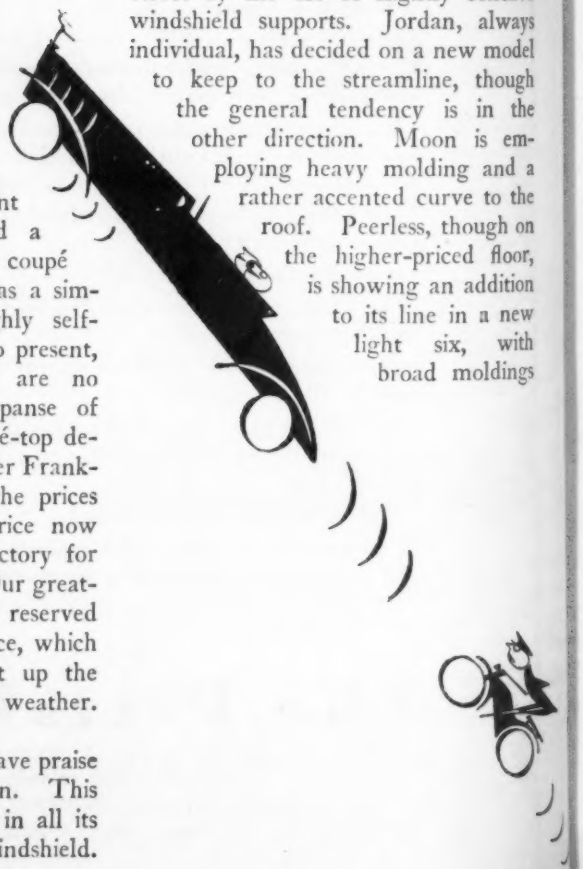
Franklin, ever since its baptism in modern art at the font of de Causse, has achieved a pleasing sophistication. The coupé on the Model 135 chassis has a simplicity that only a thoroughly self-possessed house would dare to present, or could conceive. There are no moldings, just the bare expanse of body, with a plain dark coupé-top devoid of ornamentation. Another Franklin feature is the fact that the prices are lower, with the base price now starting at $2,180 at the factory for the least expensive model. Our greatest enthusiasm, however, is reserved for Franklin's "fuemer" device, which uses electric current to heat up the gasoline when starting in cold weather.

IN the Cadillac exhibit we have praise for a detail of construction. This car has non-shatterable glass in all its windows as well as in the windshield. La Salle, we are pleased to report, is back to color contrasts. Starting out with a real contribution to motordom along these lines, La Salle for a time went in for monotones. Now there appears a landau-cabriolet with a light body, contrasting sharply with a dark top, window-frames, and rear quarter.

Lincoln, in its town sedan, stands firmly for the *ancien régime* without, however, looking old-fashioned. The radiator louvers are still vertical. There is no trick arrangement.

Locomobile is exhibiting a new line of cars employing the style of molding made popular by Cadillac and Nash. Auburn is introducing a series of larger eights. Our eye is caught especially by the coachwork in the phaeton-sedan. The convertible devices are done so smartly that the car is effective when closed, as well as when used as a touring car. The use of metal hinges on the door does the trick. That and the metal step-plates bring the lower part of the body in harmony with the unavoidable metalwork in the window-frames of a two-purpose car.

Chandler creates an individual effect by the use of slightly concave windshield supports. Jordan, always individual, has decided on a new model to keep to the streamline, though the general tendency is in the other direction. Moon is employing heavy molding and a rather accented curve to the roof. Peerless, though on the higher-priced floor, is showing an addition to its line in a new light six, with broad moldings



110000

With high enthusiasm, the American public has placed its stamp of approval upon the new Nash "400." ¶ Announced only six months ago, already 110,000 have been sold. ¶ At the Motor Show be sure to see this record-breaking motor car, with its new Twin-Ignition motor, Bijur Centralized Chassis Lubrication and many other decisive improvements.

WARREN-NASH MOTOR CORPORATION
New York, N. Y.

(9348)

NASH "400"

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

HERE

57TH STREET
1760
BROADWAY
56TH STREET

distinctive
LINCOLN
MODELS

may be inspected at your pleasure and leisure

THOSE who contemplate the selection of a Lincoln will find a most comprehensive exhibit of the various models, in our permanent Salon at 1760 Broadway—creations of the world's foremost body-builders, *Brunn, Dietrich, Le Baron, Willoughby, Holbrook and Locke.*

Here, in an atmosphere eminently worthy of the Lincoln, you may choose—in the utmost comfort and in a most leisurely manner—the model that is uniquely your own.

In addition to the pleasure of selecting a Lincoln under these conditions, there is the satisfaction of knowing that back of your purchase is the Luce-Lincoln Service, which adds the final measure of gratification to Lincoln ownership.

LINCOLN

THEODORE LUCE
INCORPORATED

Authorized Lincoln Dealer

SALON
1760 BROADWAY
CIRCLE 6363

SERVICE
533 WEST 57th ST.
COLUMBUS 7731

and wide doors. Gardner has sixty-four little slits in each side of the hood; eight groups of eight, all vertical.

ON the ground floor, Buick is exhibiting bodies in blues and greens, but our vote goes especially to a black roadster with no molding and only a very narrow bead. Dodge Brothers enhances the appearance of size in the tonneau by a vertical molding which comes down from the roof, considerably forward on the side of the hood, instead of, as is the usual practice, ending in line with the base of the windshield. Reo's new Flying Cloud is very streamline. It is a smart job, but our applause is directed especially at its sister ship, the Mate. This replaces the Wolverine, but is wholly different in appearance. Its boatlike lines are, in fact, a distinct departure. The body-base contour above the running-board is curved like the hull of a vessel, and the line sweeps along the hood creating a wave-like panel.

Chevrolet is also radical in appearance, having protruding front springs and a small group of louvers at the rear of each side of the hood.

Pontiac has come out in an entirely new tailleur; the molding stops at the windshield base and there are horizontal louvers in a panel. The total effect is high-waisted. Oakland in its All-America four-door sedan gains variety by placing the handles in the line of the molding.

Nash is achieving smoothness in its outline by using heavy window borders with rounded corners. Bumpers, closer to the ground than is normal, aid the illusion of a low-hung car.

CHRYSLER continues to maintain its individuality with delicacy of line, radiator shell, and borders. Care has been taken to provide adequate light. Windows run almost to the roof. The Plymouth has a molding both before and behind the windshield, with the posts set in between, which gives a feeling of staunchness. De Soto, in its Cupe de Lujo model, has dropped the landau irons and presents the rear quarter in the same color as the body—blue, instead of tan as formerly.

Oldsmobile now carries a crest where the nameplate used to be, and there is a new bright cross-rod between the headlamps. Kissel introduces its new White Eagle. In this the molding comes from the front in a straight line for a third of the way, is stepped about two inches higher for another third, and then comes back in line with

WHO MADE IT THE MODE ?

HE DID ▲ ▲ ▲ AND SHE DID

[BUT FOR DIFFERENT REASONS]

For years, he had thought of HUPMOBILE as a MAN'S car. Good looking, yes. But its specialty was mileage. Swifter, sweeter mileage.

Tireless and endless motor car efficiency.

But along came HUPMOBILE with two new cars. The New Century Six and The New Century Eight. HUPMOBILE mettle was blended with a new and modern-day mode.

Stamina was clothed with Style.

The Viking of them all became, as well, the fashion plate of them all.

And his car became HER car, too.

. . .

This has been going on all over the country. Which accounts for the recent extraordinary unanimity of family opinion on the matter of motor cars. And which also discloses the reason why these New Hupmobile Century cars have won a popular landslide. Prices for the New Century Six, in standard and custom combinations, are $1345 to $1645. The Century Eight, $1825 to $2625 F. O. B., of course, Detroit.

EVENING WRAP BY MOLYNEUX

CAR ▲ ▲ ▲ BY HUPMOBILE

THE NEW HUPMOBILE

CENTURY SIX & EIGHT

VAN ALSTYNE MOTOR CORPORATION

1871 Broadway, *at 62nd Street*, New York City, Phone COLumbus 7660

1294 Bedford Ave., *near Atlantic Ave.*, Brooklyn, Phone PROspect 9941

GORDON HOSIERY MEETS FASHION'S NEWEST DEMAND

The smart world proceeds to its winter playgrounds . . . and arrays itself against backgrounds of tropic moons and suns and seas . . . warm and vivid with color.

Gordon accepts Fashion's newest rule which says that every woman must match her hosiery to the tone of her skin, whether fair or brunette, whether suntanned or natural . . . considering always, of course, the harmony of her ensemble.

Gordon has created, therefore, a *series* of new colors which interprets this important trend for each type, in its varying degrees of natural color and of gradually deepening tan.

FOR THE FAIR-SKINNED WOMAN: "Champagne" to match her natural coloring; "Noon" to lend it warmth of tone; "Fairtan" to match her suntan; and "Circe" for evening.

FOR THE WOMAN OF MEDIUM COMPLEXION. "Rachelle" to match her natural coloring; "Soudan" to lend it warmth of tone; "Blushtan" to match her suntan; and "Cymbeline" for evening.

Gordon HOSIERY

FOR THE BRUNETTE. "Ormond" to match her natural coloring; "Coronado" to give it warmth of tone; "Pandora" to match her suntan; and "Casino" for evening.

Four very new deep suntan tones are "Alamo Tan" and "Sonora", with a golden cast; "Pocahontas", a coppery tone; and "Ramona", a daring adaptation for the suntan of brilliant complexions.

the original level. We like the horizontal oval porthole in the rear.

SOME of the body designers who have been patently influenced by the Hupmobile have failed to note the underlying definiteness of the original design. In the Century Eight the body, as high up as the top of the hood, is a unit, with a superstructure added as such. The radiator is fundamentally a rectangle with some relieving rounding of the corners. In the six the molding is light, and is carried the whole distance from the rear forward. The entire design has been worked out on the basis of sculpture rather than prettiness.

THERE is much to be said about the Willys-Overland and the Hudson-Essex entirely revised lines which we shall deal with in detail in a later issue. Hudson is providing square-cornered windows of extra-ample size. In its sport sedan the rear doors open toward the rear. A double line of vertical louvers adds to the impression of length. Essex, once much given to angles, has gone in heavily for curves, the back being more rounded than normal. The only relic of the hexagon days is to be found in the hub caps and the instrument board.

Whippet has come out with thoroughly modern lines in the broad-molding, windshield-collar school. Willys-Knight has redesigned its models inside and out. The radiators are higher and wider, and the Six Coach has one of those obviously right touches that no one ever thinks of: The frame holding the two windows is treated as a unit, one large window containing two rectangular panes.

Marmon's presentations are fundamentally the same as those made in August, with the addition of certain ingenious ideas, such as the concealing of the ash receivers, which are like tiny desk drawers, in the arm rests. Graham-Paige, in its 615 Model, employs metal brackets to support the eye-shade in front of the windshield.

Cunningham, which is among the foreign cars on the third floor, is using a very high apron in its touring car. DuPont is displaying a series of ample eight-cylinder models with a twenty-two-gallon gasoline tank. Elcar is using very broad moldings and an acutely curved rear. Stearns-Knight is an advocate of the well-recessed windshield, an aid in banishing glare. We discussed the Mercedes and Renault when we reviewed the Salon.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

THE NEW
FLEETWOODS
The Ultimate in Luxurious Coachcraft

With justifiable pride General Motors invites your consideration of the new Fleetwoods—the most luxurious motor-coachcraft that has ever been offered an increasingly exacting public.

These new Fleetwoods, which can be had only on Cadillac and La Salle chassis, are specifically designed and built for that clientele which demands coachwork precisely interpreting its own exclusive conceptions in respect of color, trim, hardware, upholstery and special appointment.

It was for this express purpose that General Motors acquired not only the plant and properties of the Fleetwood Body Corporation but also the services of those Fleetwood craftsmen whose affectionate labor—inspired by the ideals and traditions of generations of Fleetwood master artisans—has for long years produced special custom bodies surpassing anything else the world has to offer.

In the production of these de luxe Cadillac-La Salle Fleetwoods the purchaser may avail himself at any time of the counsel of professional motor coach designers who aid him precisely as the architect and interior decorator advise him in the construction, decoration and furnishing of his home.

These exclusive Fleetwoods are now available in twenty-two exquisite models, many of which are on display in Cadillac-La Salle showrooms of the larger cities throughout the country, the Cadillac-La Salle Salon, Palm Beach, Florida. And at our Salon and Studios, 10 East 57th Street, New York.

FLEETWOOD BODY CORPORATION

UNIT OF FISHER BODY CORPORATION • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Pierce-Arrow turns another page

and inaugurates A NEW STRAIGHT EIGHT

Arriving at the psychological moment—when a modernly beautiful creation was really needed in the fine car field—the new straight eight by Pierce-Arrow scores a triumph even greater, if possible, than that of its most illustrious predecessors.

Pierce-Arrow believes that bulk and conflicting lines have too long prevailed among fine motor cars—that size no longer serves as an excuse for the ungraceful, the unwieldy. The contention is borne out convincingly by the new straight eight—an ultramodern creation which delightfully departs from all stodgy tradition.

Not a smaller car, this latest Pierce-Arrow, but one that has vigor, grace, spirit! A beautiful silhouette against the most distinguished of backgrounds . . . *the first automobile of a new fine car era!*

Reproduced from a painting which has hung in the Pierce-Arrow Boardroom since 1912. A full decade earlier, Pierce-Arrow had established its fame as America's Finest Motor Car.

PIERCE

in fine car history

Today's Pierce-Arrow by Adolph Treidler who, in 1912, painted the illustration shown on the opposite page . . . the same artist, the same scene, the same make of car, seventeen years later.

A STRAIGHT EIGHT *By* PIERCE-ARROW

125 Horsepower Engine . . . 85 Miles per hour . . . 133-inch and 143-inch Wheelbases . . . 59½-inch Rear Tread . . . 72-inch Over-all Height . . . Ample Head-room . . . Wide Doors . . . Pierce-Arrow Coachwork . . . Non-shatterable Glass . . . Fender or Bracket Headlamps optional without extra charge.

Pierce-Arrow mechanical detail embraces every device of proved character known to the engineering of fine motor cars

ARROW

Removal Sale Gunther Furs

EARLY in the new year our business will be moved to the new twelve story Gunther Building at 666 Fifth Avenue, between 52nd and 53rd Streets, former site of the Vanderbilt Mansion . . . To commemorate this event, we are offering to our patrons notable price concessions on all our furs . . . In every instance the reductions are impressive— offering an opportunity for saving which is indeed unusual.

Gunther

FIFTH AVENUE at 36th STREET
FOUNDED 1820

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, DEC. 27

WHEN Mme. Humbert fleeced Parisians with her empty-safe hoax in 1903, it was for a mere fifteen million francs. When Mme. Bourgeat, the religious rent-collector of 1928, had her little game with the public, it was for eighty millions of francs. In this year of grace 1929, the total of Mme. Hanau's colorful fraudulencies is expected to top the scale at one hundred and fifty millions. Feminism is advancing in France.

The recent *krach* of Marthe Hanau, modern lady exponent of grandeur, gallantry, and gouging, of champagne corks, limousines, curb gambling, political corruption, and general night and day life, has thrown the latest theatrical farces into the shade. It has also cast a shadow over a few leading newspapers and a part of the government of France which the forty-two-year-old, fat, masculine little woman dragged in her wake. With Klotz, ex-finance minister, already in jail for passing forged cheques, the judges sitting on the Hanau affair are also waiting for Hennessy, minister of agriculture, maker of brandy, and backer of the daily *Quotidien*; for Anquetil, occasional deputy from Cayenne and editor of *Rumeur*; for the Count de Courville, former rear-admiral; for half a dozen of the Radical Socialist party; for the minister of physical instruction; and for other disinterested public leaders. Mme. Hanau's private life reads like a dime novel, and must have cost millions. During the war, before she started her recent vast stock swindle, she and her ex-husband modestly operated a little racket called Le Tube du Soldat—a trench-bottle supposed to contain rum and coffee, and containing everything else. Then came her real flowering—her recent *Gazette du Franc*, one of the few twelve-page papers in Paris—and a well-edited one—with its fatal financial page of her listed holdings: fantastic corporations busily building model tenements on the distant soil of Isola-Bella, sprinkling mythical golf links on empty farms in the Riviera, grinding out cinemas for the superb "African-French Religious Film Company, main offices in Tunis and all under the protection of their excellencies, the Bishops of Paris and Carthage"—businesses whose aim was to sell blue sky. When she wasn't bossing her thousands of male employees (she had three hundred bond-salesmen alone scouting the provinces of France), joking with her ministers of the Republic, and taking in the cash for which she usually gave no receipts, the lady found time for her private life, a man-sized job in itself. This included a pretty taste in English tailoring, diamond scarfpins, and Rolls-Royces, of which she supposedly owned four. When a tire burst, her policy was to buy a new Rolls-Royce, not a new tire. She never made a trip without a "spare"—an empty Rolls that followed her in case the first car broke down. With this caravan, she would dash to Monte Carlo, lose ten thousand dollars in an hour at banco, and drive all night to be back by noon at her desk. Her secretary of the moment at her side, she also honored Montmartre with her largesse, and maintained, in addition to a suburban mansion, an elegant town *garçonnière*, furnished with Fragonards of a type which the kings who had ordered them alone suspected that he painted. Little can be saved for the creditors, unless the police find Hanau's jewels, which, she reminded them, she had hidden only as personal property—just little gifts, she might have added, from her thousands of ruined admirers all over France.

Her victims were largely of the small *rentier* class, goaded to speculation by the recent return to the universal gold standard.

TO turn from life to literature, the recent awarding of the Prix de Goncourt demonstrated the superior acumen of journalists. The customary gargantuan lunch at Drouant's restaurant was this year attended by only seven of the ten Goncourt Academicians, one (Daudet) being in exile, one (Descaves) being under a vow never to come again, and one (Courteline) being ill. The novelist Constantin Weyer was given the award by the lunchers for his latest book, "Un Homme Se Penche sur son Passé." This is a fur-bearing novel of Canadian life, with forty goodish pages but all rather Jack London. The second prize of the great day went to Mme. Dunois, whose "Georgette Garou" won the Prix Femina. As the Goncourt never goes

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BETWEEN FIFTH AND MADISON AVENUES

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to a woman and as the Femina, owing to its title and the fact that the board of judges is made up entirely of women, rarely goes to a woman either, Mme. Dunois' publisher had pessimistically allowed her novel to lapse out of print, after a meagre edition last spring. Thus, as a sudden prize-winner, it was unprocurable even by critics now eager to give it belated praise. The public is still ignorant as to what "Georgette Garou" may be about.

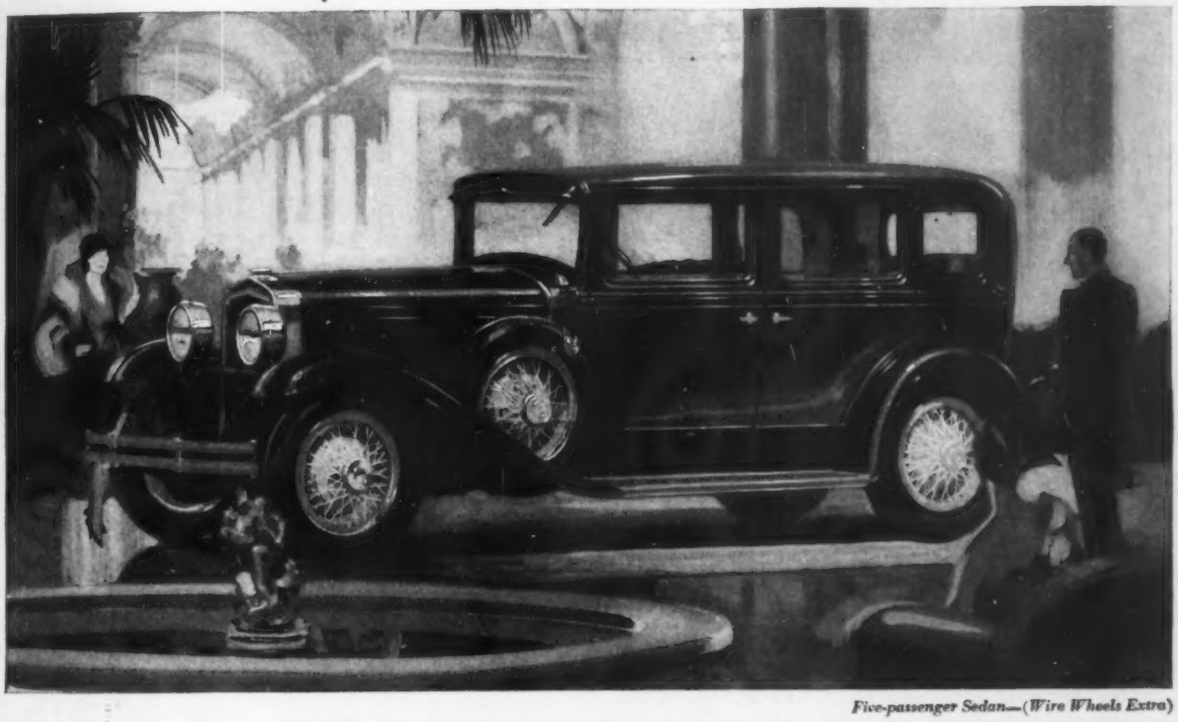
The third theoretic plum, the penniless Prix Théophraste-Renaudot, voted by journalists downstairs in Drouant's while waiting to find out what the Goncourt Academicians upstairs are mistakenly voting for, went, and with credit to him and to them, to André Obey for his "Le Joueur de Triangle." This is an unusual, curious, and plotless story of a musician, a triangle-player in a neighborhood orchestra. It is the only one of the three prize books which anyone could recommend.

A NOTEWORTHY part of the festivities of the Happy New Year still hoped for here, was the annual and exciting electrical illuminations designed by the public genius, Jaccopozzi, on the façades of the Magazin du Louvre. Constructed and planned months ago, with a regiment of electricians, carpenters, and insurance agents supervising, Jaccopozzi had laid out a magnificent spectacle which he announced as "The Last Days of Pompeii," until the late disasters near Etna broke out. Out of his racial sympathy for the stricken Italians, the Roman temples were made even more Greek, a large gentleman was added, the smoke turned into a monster, and "Hercules Subduing the Hydra" was the tactful and thrilling result. On the Bazaar de Ville, Jaccopozzi arranged a juggling act of clowns, twenty-one feet high, who toss plates and saucers by night. Christmas trees are popular but not frequent in French children's private lives. Jaccopozzi's public electric illuminations are bigger, if not better, and at any rate the next best thing. —GENÊT

•

"It is safer to fly in winter than in summer," Mr. Taylor pointed out today. "In cases of forced landings, many friends which can not be used in summer because of water and mud, are frozen in the winter and makes first class landing places." —*Watertown (N.Y.) Daily Standard.*

Just too numb to care.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, DECEMBER 31

THE LITTLE JACKET SEEMS EVERYONE'S PET IDEA. CHANEL DOES IT IN BLACK TWEED WITH MATCHING DRESS; LELONG LIKEWISE IN CREPELLA, BUT USES THREE-QUARTER LENGTH AND CAPE SLEEVES. CHEZ WORTH SHORT FLARED JACKETS ARE BIG-TIME. SUCCESSFUL EVENING COATS RARELY LONGER THAN FINGERTIPS AND NOTICEABLY WRAPPY. FIRST SPRING HATS ARE LONG IN BACK IF ANYWHERE, BUT FELT CAPS GONE DUTCH WITH FLARED SIDES STILL THE MOST WEARABLE. B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

IF anyone expects me to turn a back somersault in joy at the news of short jackets at my time of life, they are very much mistaken. If there is a single fabric made in the world that isn't appearing in New York this minute in the form of a short jacket to accompany tennis dresses or evening clothes or daytime frocks, I have yet to put eyes on it. Evening coats only as long as the fingertips are really inevitable with trailing dresses, for coats to the knee make the uneven edges look wispy and unintentional. And as for hats that are long in back — you should hear the smart shops go on about these! Saks-Fifth Avenue is so enthusiastic about these fisherman hats (the brim is long in back and very short in front, the chapeau being worn towards the back of the head to emphasize the line) that all protests that they are not becoming mean that you will be shot into Antoine's for a new coiffure that is flattering around the face, and then deposited into the hands of a French girl who makes you up, powder blended to match your skin and all. By the time they get through with you, you honestly look so darn ravishing that every hat in the place looks grand on you. It's all subtle. There is nothing, however, that will make this type of hat becoming if you happen to have a short neck, for the brim in back has a way of becoming one with the shoulders of such as you.

AT Bergdorf-Goodman, they are doing lovely things with the skull-cap of tricolette (this is the name for that shiny crocheted straw that pulls on your head like a bathing cap, you know). Agnès' devil hat has two ears at the sides in back. One has a scarf twisted around it like a gypsy handkerchief to match any costume. There is one that combines jersey and tricolette. And if you can't find one that is becoming, what with every color in the world to choose from and several models, it's just too bad about you and that face of yours. Bergdorf is also an enthusiastic specialist in the big picture hat that most smart American women insist on having in their warm-weather wardrobes. There are the rough straws of mixed color, so smart in Paris, so infrequently found here. And hats of openwork tuscan or very fine punta straw. These may be decorated very simply with ribbon, or handwrought flowers, or applied flowers of calico. And the example of the fisherman's hat that most took my fancy here had two colors of belting applied beneath the brim and around the crown.

Upstairs, this shop is doing divine things with prints—not the ornery type that I was vindictive about last week—but elegant prints, as smart as they are exclusive. They are doing a great deal with printed crêpes combined with tweed or jersey for ensembles. Little woollen suits with shoulder capes have jumpers of print; printed suits indulge in vivid, short-sleeved, jersey blouses; tweed coats are lined with the print of the dress beneath, and so on.

And, since you are still on the premises and have probably opened a charge account by this time, look at a dress of colored lace—deep oval neck, shoulder straps, and a flaring peplum at the hips that descends in back to a train. Their own model, and knockout. Look also at satin evening frocks from Augustabernard that cling and are drippy; Paquins that have poufs and odd flares; and evening dresses of flat crêpes from all over.

IN happy anticipation of warm weather, whether it be here or elsewhere,

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BERGDORF GOODMAN

FIFTH AVENUE at 58th
NEW YORK

The verandah, by Contiere Navale Triestino, is one of the most charming spots aboard the new Vulcania. Ideal for observation . . . and Beech-Nut Coffee.

SO SAILS M.V. VULCANIA

On January 10th the newest of the Cosulich motor vessels will cast off in New York carrying a notable list of Mediterranean-bound passengers.

Every sea-going luxury awaits these fortunate voyageurs. Bowling, swimming, tennis. A bank and a garage on board. Apartments so replete in charm one all but regrets the speed that comes with modern Diesels.

Like her sister-ship, Saturnia, Vulcania carries her luxury-equipment to its essential details. She is one of three ships in the world having telephones in every stateroom and every public room. And connoisseurs will be delighted to find aboard their cherished Beech-Nut Coffee, and Beech-Nut Bacon. Bon voyage, indeed!

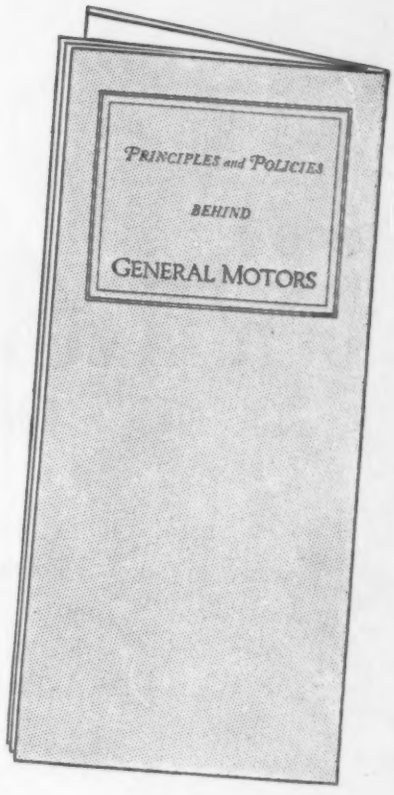
Beech-Nut Coffee

Stewart & Company has produced, first and foremost, some new Vionnet jewelry. It is of spun glass this time, fashioned into huge links like a slave bracelet and forming necklaces that are as lovely as they are undoubtedly fragile. In plain, clouded, or colored glass, they make a perfect decoration for chiffon dresses.

Also to be found is a wrap of black lace with two ruffles and a black velvet collar that looks heavenly over colored chiffon dresses but should be included only in those extravagant wardrobes, since its practicality is nil. There is a white satin evening dress flattering to the large-hipped though suitable for others, having enormous flowers weighing down the short bolero on one side. They have evening dresses of printed marquisette with wraps of moire, printed to match, worn with them. And there are two utterly divine light suits for travelling; both of a soft wool that is called duvette, both extremely youthful. One, of navy blue, has a rose satin blouse and a peplum flaring saucily below the belt of the jacket; the other (dull brick in color) is piped in the dark blue flat crêpe that makes the blouse, and has a belt that starts from each side of the back and disappears under the revers in front. And, for Palm Beach, they are showing many hats of sisal, which looks like a natural-linen crash and can be worn with anything. With several berets for informal wear and one of these for slightly dressed-up occasions, you could get by in Palm Beach easily. Or maybe you like to buy hats? How odd!

AT 8 West Fifty-sixth Street, a new shop by the name of Hawes-Harden has opened its doors and has apparently made up its mind to supply every possible article of clothing you might like. There is no trace of the sort of things that you can find, in one version or another, all over town. And yet this shop does not fall into the error made by most American designers who choose to ignore Paris completely, i. e., become erratic and costumey. The clothes are both chic and individual. A green lamé evening wrap, for instance, with short shoulder wings in back, has a double sable scarf that runs through two loops and appears outside the collar in back only, giving not only a unique effect but also keeping the neck clean. There is an evening dress called Argentina, stiff black velvet with wide shoulder straps, the surprise being supplied by a hint of swirling petticoats in three

PRINCIPLES *and* POLICIES *behind* GENERAL MOTORS



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President of General Motors.

In addition to its Annual Report and Quarterly Statement of Earnings, it is the custom of General Motors to issue special booklets from time to time for the information of its stockholders, employees, dealers and the public generally. Many of the principles and policies outlined in these booklets apply to every other business as much as they do to that of General Motors.

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shades of chiffon when you dance. Smart little tweed suits are presented with two blouses; one in brilliant color, one more conservative, both having unusual treatment at collar and cuff. There are dresses for older women that are not too obvious about playing up that long, slender line; and sports dresses for young things that have odd jackets buttoning on the buttons of the dress itself. Pajamas have mules to match; dresses are created to draw attention to your favorite jewel; it is all fun. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

The New Alliance—
No View for Baby—
Black Boudoir

IT happens that the new American Designers' Gallery threw open its doors and sent out cries of welcome at exactly the right time to have notices of the event crowded out of this column by Christmas. For this reason, my first rational post-holiday gesture was a visit there with a critical eye to décor and the price tags attached thereto.

You will by this time have learned from other sources (not that it is going to stop my mentioning it) that the Gallery is a new project organized by a group of modern American decorative artists in defence of modern American decorative art. It is expected to prove, in short, that we have a modern American decorative art. This is to be done by way of a sales-exhibition hall at 145 West Fifty-seventh Street, where the best works, not only of native American members (like those noted Yankee designers Wolfgang Hoffman, Ilonka Karasz, Winold Reiss, *et al.*) but also of worthy non-member contemporaries, will be shown.

The current exhibition has been going on for some time, and will go on for another week or more, thus giving you a last chance to pick up odd bargains from the various rooms before the whole show is pulled to pieces.

The following notes are for your guidance, if you are planning to go, and for reminiscence if you got there first:

MAN'S ROOM, by Donald Deskey: You really must not miss this—

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Illustrate and Sell

because it has cork walls, in big dark and light blocks; because its ceiling is aluminum; because the deep, upholstered leather pieces are not done in red (they are pigskin); but chiefly because it is the grandest room I have ever been in, and the organization is right there to attend to all the details if you care about having it built into your own little nest.

The light comes gently down through an enormous frosted-glass window, crossed horizontally by occasional metal rods; over in a far corner, a bar has been built into the thickness of the wall and backed by a dark mirror; another corner holds recessed bookshelves, set high and rimmed around with bright reading lights in a rounded metal frame—an idea you could steal bodily if you didn't have scruples. Below this the pigskin sofa stretches. There is a black linoleum floor, and a big metal gaming table (roulette wheel optional), and a desk in aluminum and pigskin, and chairs, and low cocktail tables—the whole thing is perfect. A little cigarette table in metal is stunning at $45; the pigskin sofa costs $700 and is worth every cent of it. Anyway, you ought to go and look at it, if only for educational purposes.

NURSERY, by Ilonka Karasz: I liked this better than anything Miss Karasz has done to date, and a little bit better than any modern nursery I have seen. It is all in red, white, blue, and yellow, with sensible furniture, a blackboard running

• •

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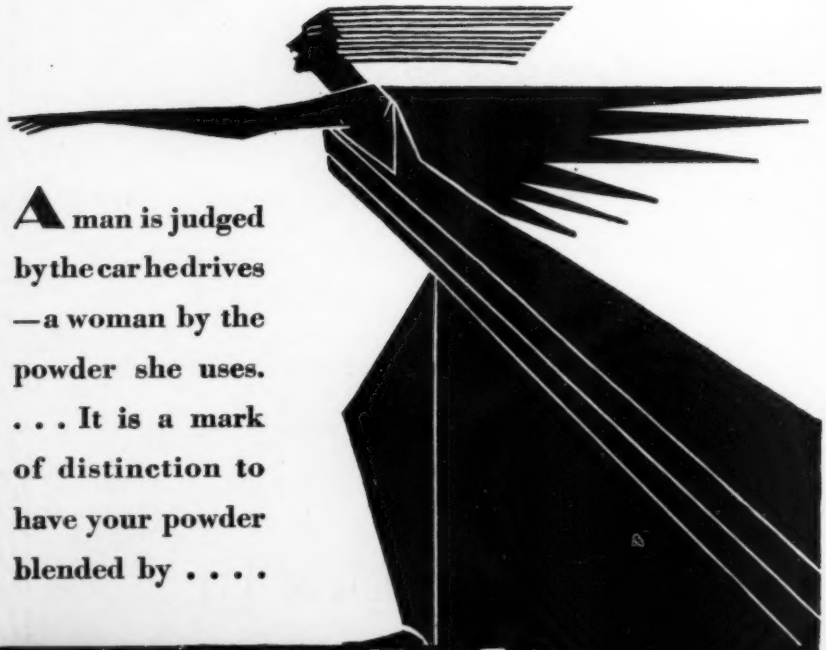

A man is judged by the car he drives —a woman by the powder she uses. . . . It is a mark of distinction to have your powder blended by . . . .

TOURNEUR

580 Fifth Ave. NEW YORK

all around the room, a darling brass-railed crib, and a big, low play-table set before an enormous frosted-glass window. And I would like to argue with somebody about the relative amount of uplift in a square of frosted glass with the sun coming through it as against the effect on a child of intimate views from the nursery window of smoke stacks, city back yards, and family life across the court.

You can have the room complete for $1,000, which after all is not too tremendous when you consider it includes items like a marionette theatre built into a screen ($50), two of those life-size Dumont dolls, like a Best & Company window display ($75 each), and a set of six building blocks for $100. The last are large enough to set on end as tables and benches, or for the child to sit in and play boat or train or something. I don't know why any nursery should be without these, now that they have been thought of.

DINING-ROOM, by Herman Rosse: My final criticism of this room is based on the fact that I probably couldn't stay in it alone for more than five minutes at a stretch, in spite of its banked flowers, mirrored panels, and magnificent hardware. The whole room is metal, and blue—a dark, dullish shade. The bellying walls are blue metal; the chairs, covered in blue corduroy, have delicate metal legs; the table and table service are metal. A metal ceiling-fixture centres its lighting efforts on the table below, and it all depressed me exceedingly. A lovely room, I should say, for a party of those long people seen dining solemnly in a pool of light, on magazine covers. I ran out (at the end of possibly four minutes) without making a note about the price of anything; maybe you will be less timid. And maybe you will care what it all cost.

FOR the rest, I was charmed with Robert Locher's entrance hall—all mirrored surface and colored glass and tinsel flowers, in the Locher tradition. There are vases that have more elegance for $12.50 than you can buy in most places. The Daughter's Room of Winold Reiss likewise pleased me greatly; it has a great big bed, with bookshelf ends and drawers built into its sides, for $500. Also lots of beautiful yellow velvet, which is lovely to look at but not exactly the thing to put your feet up on, and

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SAVORY SEQUEL
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NIGHTLY, until the clock strikes one... Park & Tilford, at "5th and 57th," offers a savory sequel to the play. Faithful followers of old Epicurus choose this quiet corner for their late-evening bite-to-eat. For here are presented delicacies for the cultivated palate of the *gourmet*... tidbits of Continental flavor to tempt the jaded one... in a menu of excellent variety... and unvarying excellence.

PARK & TILFORD
5th Avenue at 57th Street

if you can't put your feet up on things in your own boudoir, what use is the boudoir? Anyway, that's my feeling in the matter. Joseph Urban's "Repose"—a black boudoir! —has lots of dark mirrors and black velvet, and if your father behaved properly during the December market flurry there is no good reason why you shouldn't have it. Henry Varnum Poor's bathroom in tile looked like a splendid place to splash around in, and was notable for an absence of futile attempts at fixture concealment. Honest, forthright, and awfully expensive.

THE next exhibition, opening some time during the winter, is to be a complete three or four-room apartment decorated by the same group. With all these boys and girls playing so nicely together, something ought to come of it. Either a lot of art or a big fight, is my guess.

—B. B.

•

These aristocrats of the dairy world ought to be happy bulls and cows, but we never know. Yesterday afternoon at the stock show I was noticing a young Jersey. She had on a pretty blanket and everything in the world she wanted to eat and a soft straw bed. But she had a rather sad expression. As I studied her I began to picture a blighted romance—perhaps she had loved some young bull with no social standing, no family tree. And perhaps he had loved her, but marriages below rank for bovine royalty are frowned upon. Anyway, I left wondering if the scrub cattle running wild in the pastures aren't the happiest after all.—*Portland (Ore.) News.*

The important thing is, you left.

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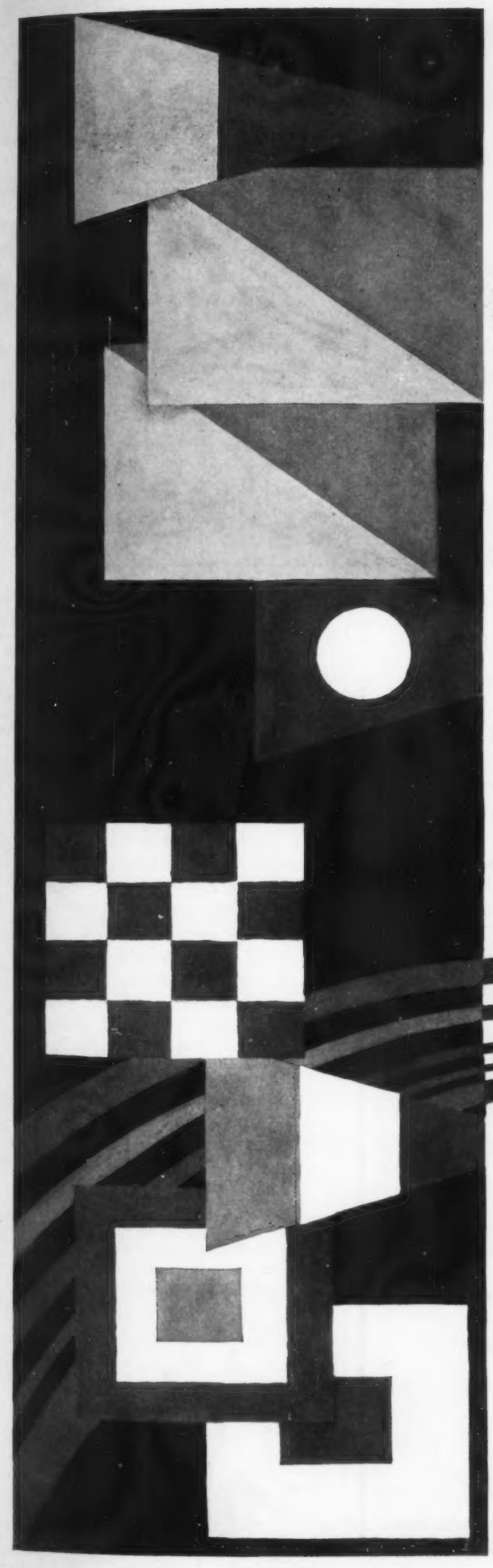

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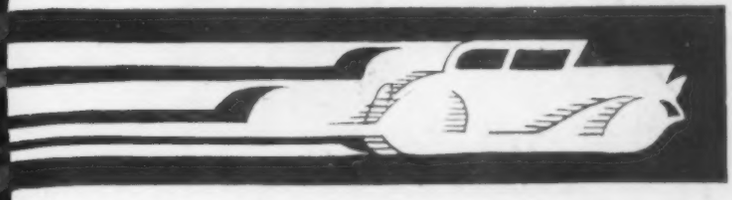

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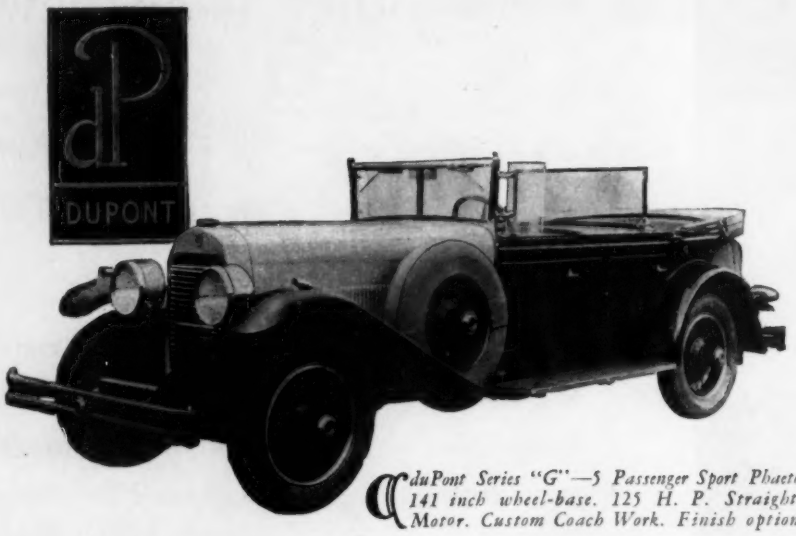

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DID you like me, Mr. Churchill? Did you really like me? Oh, that's nice, because I was so afraid I was terrible. I gave it all I could. I mean the part was just one of those things. I simply dreaded the opening night and I don't usually mind much. You know I've been on the stage three years. I've been with the Jitney bunch. Uh-huh. Yes, I knew her.

But this part, Mr. Churchill, this part was just awful, I thought. Somehow I dreaded opening night. Simply dreaded it. And as I say, it's not usual for me to feel that way. That's how I felt about the play. The play is pretty terrible. I don't see how it's lasted this long. You should have seen the house tonight. I think I could have done better by taking the part I was offered in "Little Accident." Yes, I really do. But my dear, one doesn't do things like that. Especially since everybody's been so nice to me. Like the way you've encouraged me. What? No, I mean it. I'm not being sarcastic. I want you to know that I appreciate every word. And not being on the stage, you wouldn't know how it feels to have a nice word here and there.

Do you really and truly feel that I did make the part look real? I'll tell you frankly I was quaking in my boots. I really was. Quaking in my boots. The night we opened I was just—oh, quaking in my boots. I knew the part was terrible and I was afraid people would think it was me—I. But I just went out and did the best I could. Did you see me, opening night? Well, I guess you never imagined how I felt—literally quaking in my boots.

Oh, hello, Clare. Mr. Churchill and I have just been discussing the Theatre. —JOHN O'HARA

•

I feel that I ought to write in colored inks. I feel that golden asterisks should flicker between my paragraphs.—*Beverly Nichols in the American Sketch.*

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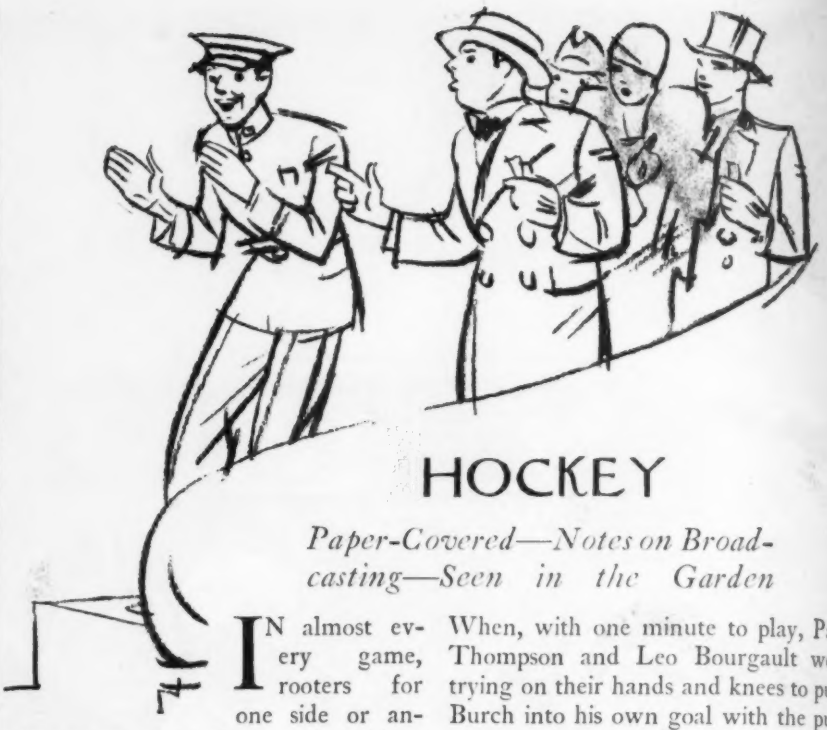

HOCKEY

Paper-Covered—Notes on Broadcasting—Seen in the Garden

IN almost every game, rooters for one side or another accuse the referee of favoritism. Usually the accusations are articulate, emphatic, and instantly forgotten, but once in a while some spectators get so worked up that they go home sore, repeating and elaborating their suspicions and menaces. A number were bitter after the Ranger-American game last week.

Perhaps you remember the decisions that were questioned—a disallowed goal for the Rangers in the first period and another in the last, and a goal for the Americans in the third that looked as though it hit the top post of the net without going inside at all. That all three decisions broke for the Americans naturally annoyed Ranger loyalists. When, with one minute to play, Paul Thompson and Leo Bourgault were trying on their hands and knees to push Burch into his own goal with the puck in a scrimmage in which every man on both teams was down except the goalie at the other end of the rink, the fans in the gallery covered the ice with paper.

It was the climax of the hockey season to date. Sitting on a pine board nailed across the arms of a seat in the mezzanine, Broadcaster Jack Fillman leaned close to the microphone. "Thank God for this moment, sport fans. The rink is covered with papers and programs. It has taken three years to happen, but at last we have seen a game in this Garden that had to be stopped while they cleaned off the ice."

Through this game I sat on a low seat beside Fillman's high one. I had heard him broadcast last year but never when the play was exceptionally fast. No hockey is faster than the Americans playing the Rangers on a Sunday night, and I wanted to see how Fillman could possibly keep up a coherent report of what is often hard to follow even with the eye.

Last year the broadcaster sat in one

Jack Fillman, announcer

of the iron cages on the lip of the gallery. He quit that because the salesman who sold him his life insurance saw him climb into the cage one night and told him that if he kept on doing it he would have to get a new policy. On his pine board, labelled in pencil "radio seat," he can still see over the railing. The microphone, a dented, rather rusty hoop, sticks up in front of

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him. Holding a ginger-ale bottle in one hand, trembling slightly with strain, he keeps up his low, intense recital in a voice keyed to the exact mood of the game he is watching. When the action relaxes for a minute, his voice is half a tone lower; at other times he slightly raises the tone while the stir of the crowd's suspense is audible around him. One night, to kid his audience, he gave out part of a game with the circumlocutions, chuckles, pauses, that are the stock-in-trade of football broadcasters; several hundred protesting letters made him go back to his own style of telling simply what happens.

When the game gets very fast and the puck changes hands five or six times in ten seconds, Fillman may be as much as half a minute behind; then he memorizes what he sees while telling what he saw thirty seconds before. He leaves out nothing, adds nothing; in a single process he takes notes on an event, arranges them into a vivid narrative in which all the rules of narrative are observed—variation of names and phrases, attention to local color, the placing of each happening in its proper relation to the design as a whole—and publishes it.

SEEN at the Garden: Paavo Nurmi leaving at the end of the second period to be in bed by a quarter to ten. . . . Joie Ray staying to the end. . . . Alice Brady, looking cold. . . . Tex Rickard in yellow shoes and a yellow hat, carrying a horn-handled stick. . . . Colonel Hammond, who is always there and always in evening clothes. . . . Ushers watching the game so hard they forgot their jobs. . . . Three doormen in uniform sitting through the last period in the shadowy back seats of the mezzanine.

—N. B., Jr.

•

PROSPERITY, EH?

[*From the Sulphur Springs (Tex.) Daily News*]

Hass Green, Bill Ripley, and one or two other mail carriers over at the post office are growling because they have found no free country sausage this season on their rounds. It is none of our business. We are not running the post office. Take your troubles to Hoover Bentley and others of his tribe. Don't bother us. We are getting our country sausage this season, brought direct to the office by old-line Democrats who, like us, are having little to do with the post office under the Hoover administration.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Couple of Operatic Revivals—Opera in English Nearby—Helping the Young

AFTER a silence of about five years, Massenet's "Manon" has been revived at the Metropolitan, and the worst has happened. We hear from "Manon" fanciers that full justice was not done to Massenet's music and that the French pronunciation of the singers was destructive of all illusion. We hear much of "French style"—whatever that may be—and of "verve." If you have any trouble in finding a tenable definition for "verve," you may take the word to mean something that ought to be present and always is absent from anything sung in French.

"Manon" seems to have some queer esoteric appeal for operagoers who look sourly on the same sort of business when it is done in Italian. The libretto is the same old fabrication about a lovely and frail soprano who sinned agreeably and died copiously. The "Manon" of Abbé Prévost has not much in common with the "Camille" of Dumas; but the "Manon" of Massenet is, for all practical stage purposes, the "Traviata" of Verdi or the "Rondine" of Puccini. I suspect that those who find anything more in "Manon" than the conventional loose lily of opera are reading into the work little movements that have a meaning of their own, as the gifted Harbach once observed.

In the Metropolitan revival, "Manon" has the advantage of some of the best singing that Signor Gatti-Casazza is able to provide for his clients. Vocally, Miss Bori, and the Messrs. Gigli, De Luca, and Rothier manage the score admirably, even if only Mr. Rothier sings French like a native. The conducting of Mr. Hasselmans is a revelation to those who have been led to believe that his repertoire is bounded by "Faust" on the north and "La Juive" on the south. Confronted with the present cast, he cannot extract all of the mysterious Parisian essences with which the score is supposed to be saturated, but for him the orchestra sings as it rarely does. Mr. Hasselmans seems to be one of the best routined conductors, but he has still to learn from some of his colleagues that it is not good form to permit every note from the stage to be audible above the orchestra. When he discovers a method for drowning out the principals successfully and consistently, he probably will become a much more celebrated director.

Mr. Urban's scenery has a musical-comedy touch which is almost ironically appropriate for the opera, and the lighting features several abrupt transitions from sunlight to shadow in the best Forty-second Street manner. The acting is passable, but Miss Bori's wig must go down as one of the Follies of 1928.

ANOTHER year-end revival was Verdi's "Ernani," with Miss Ponselle and the Messrs. Martinelli, Ruffo, and Pinza. This was, in every sense, a thumping performance, and it may be recommended for every one who likes his Italian opera in full blast.

OPERA in English came to Brooklyn before Christmas, when the American Opera Company occupied Werba's Theatre for a week while the Little Theatre Opera Company was doing Strauss' "Die Fledermaus" in its own auditorium. Both organizations suffered from lack of public support, and I fear that there is not much comfort in the theory that Brooklyn is not large enough to patronize two English-opera ensembles simultaneously, for on several evenings the combined audiences would not have crowded Werba's Theatre, the larger of the houses. When the Little Theatre Opera Company came to New York for a week at the Heckscher Theatre —one of the most attractive playhouses in town, by the way—no one was injured in the crush.

There is a moral in this compendium of facts, but it seems to be only the aging truism that American audiences are not wild about opera in their own language. The American Opera Company tries to make music-drama out of opera and the Little Theatre Company frequently appears to be making opera out of musical comedy, and in this diversity of art forms there

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ought to be something to attract the operagoer. Nevertheless, the operagoer still prefers something that he cannot understand. And why not? Think of paying seven dollars or more to hear something so simple that it could not fool a reasonably intelligent third-reader child, and that is what most grand opera is when the text is intelligible.

Both companies, thanks to the generosity of their respective guarantors, are going on—the Americans to produce grand opera, the Littles to perform opera-comique. If they can exist until they are accepted generally, they either will make opera as popular as melodrama or make most of it seem as silly as a graduating exercise. Either result would have its commendable aspects.

THE past year has been the greatest season in history for young musicians. A young musician, I should add, need be neither young nor a musician. From what I have seen and heard of young musicians, they seem to include ambitious folk of all ages who traffic in tone.

Phonograph companies, magazines, music societies, and other propagandist agencies have made available thousands of dollars in prizes for compositions, and if somebody would put into effect a ruling that would make ineligible for further awards anyone who has won a prize in any competition, there soon would be few composers who were not prize-winners. Leagues, Foundations, and Memorials are promising to executants everything from the substantial delights of a good piano to the treacherous privilege of a New York début. Prize-winning symphonies with hoaxes in them and prize-winning performers without music in them do not serve to stem the eleemosynary tide. The slogan about the world beating a way to the door of the man who makes the best mousetrap is superannuated. Today, the world is conspiring to make a mousetrap designer out of anyone who manifests any ability in manipulating the bait properties of cheese.

These curious philanthropies may, perhaps, smooth the path for a genius, although genius has an odd way of disregarding rough going. The relationship between awards and genius is not the important element in the situation. What really matters is that we are on the road to eliminating the "struggling musician." The talented beginner will not be relieved of the

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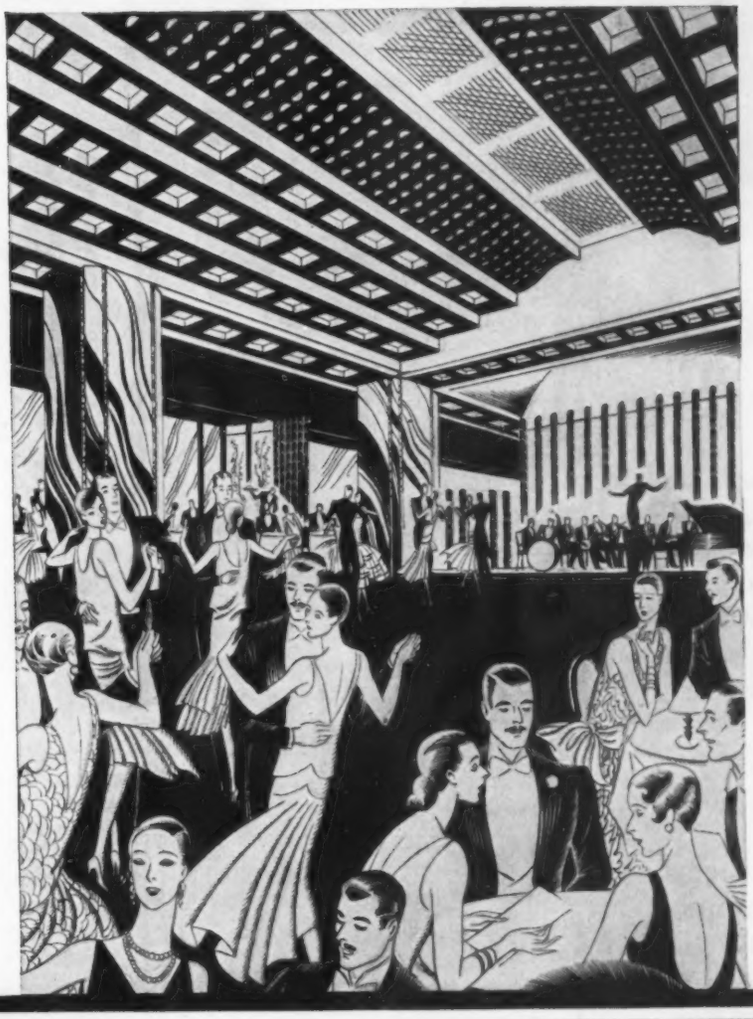

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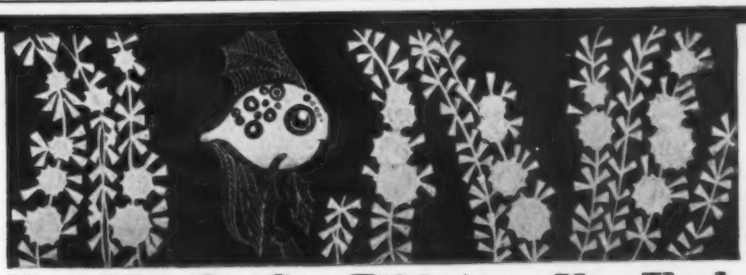

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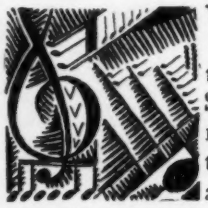
struggle for achievement, but he will be assisted in the struggle for a living. Music students no longer will be, in the public mind and too frequently in their own, picturesque wastrels whose music is born out of their poverty. They will be asked to learn their trade, and possibly all of this high-flown tossing about of prizes, grants, fellowships, scholarships, and subsidies may bring about a higher level of musical craftsmanship. And that would be a wholly adequate return. —R. A. S.

CONCERT MUSIC RECORDS

Dr. Muck Returns—Another Piano Concerto—"Till Eulenspiegel"—The Brahms Fourth



WITH the passing of the actual anniversary of Schubert's death, the record output is returning to normal, and there is an opportunity to examine new discs of other composers, and to glance back at a few important recordings that were put aside in the scramble to do right by Schubert.

Victor's "Three Great Scenes from Wagner" album includes the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Die Götterdämmerung," Siegfried's Funeral March, and the Prelude to "Parsifal," the "Götterdämmerung" excerpts being considered as one scene, according to the Victor count. This assortment is played by the State Opera Orchestra of Berlin and conducted by Dr. Karl Muck. Dr. Muck, for political reasons, probably never will return to us, and already he is a somewhat legendary figure, but these records will verify the truth of the legend that he is one of the few great directors of our time. All of the music is played gorgeously, but the "Meistersinger," particularly, would be enough to make his reputation. Even if you have another recording of these selections, the Muck collection belongs among your wax works.

A FEW weeks ago, I noted the scarcity of piano concerti. Perhaps the plaint was premature, for Columbia has issued the Grieg, played by Ignaz Friedmann, to an orchestral background conducted by Philippe Gaubert. It is brilliantly run off, but there is more poetry in the concerto

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than the records convey. M. Gaubert, who seems to be immortalizing an imposing repertoire for Columbia, also has made the two Nocturnes of Debussy, using the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris as his orchestra. The first Nocturne, "Nuages," is more successful than "Fêtes," which is rather too transparent, but there is an excellent Victor version of "Fêtes" by Mr. Stokowski and The Philadelphia Orchestra. Just a hint for those who want the complete suite at its best.

Another Société comes to light on the discs in Columbia's "Till Eulenspiegel," played by the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire Royal of Brussels under the direction of Désiré Defauw. This masterpiece is complete on four sides and is played cleanly and vivaciously, although some may prefer a little less delicate polish in the more boisterous episodes.

Victor's recording of the Brahms Fourth Symphony introduces Hermann Abendroth, a German conductor who has not yet appeared here. The performance which he extracts from the London Symphony Orchestra indicates that he is a sound, capable musician who is content to do what the composer ordered. This symphony presents a good many difficulties for the recording mechanics, but Victor has overcome most of them. The performance, for all its reverence, is not too enthralling, which is the way of performances of this work.

Odéon has begun to issue what looks like an overture series by Dr. Weissmann and the Grand Symphony Orchestra. The latest is the overture to "Martha," and the Doctor is quite as efficient with this potpourri as any cinema maestro. Brunswick has not offered any symphonic efforts lately, but don't miss the two airs from "Elijah," sung by Dan Beddoe. Why they have been recorded with piano accompaniment is one of those questions. Brunswick shows a more legitimate use of the piano in a charming disc of Kreisler's "Liebesfreud," played by Ignace Hilsberg. —R. A. S.

•

Hennessy was not known to police. His record shows two convictions, one at the age of twenty, when he was sent to a reformatory for burglary. July 19, 1925, he was sentenced to serve one to two years in Sing Sing for assault.—*The World.*

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★

TEA DANCES
4:15 to 6:15 p.m.

SUPPER DANCES
starting 10:30 p.m.

Music by
DICK GASPARRE
and his
PLAZA
ORCHESTRA

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CONVERSATION

IN THE TELEPHONE BOOTH OF AN EIGHTH AVENUE LIGGETT'S DRUGSTORE

[WITH INTERPOLATIONS FROM THE PHONOGRAPH NEARBY]

"YOU can't treat me like this. Aw, now Frances, please, won't you see me tonight? We'll go to the movies. I won't say a word. I'll just sit next to you and hold your hand. See me just this once. If you don't, I'll do something rash. You mean everything to me."

I can be happy, I can be sad,
I can be good or I can be bad,
It all depends on you . . .

"Say—you're not going out with that fellow who flirted with you at the party last night, are you? He may be good-looking, but he's not sincere. You've known me for three years, and you know I'm sincere. I've told you of my dreams. I've had hopes of a real home and you. That's happiness, Frances. That's real love."

I can be lonely out in a crowd,
I can be humble, I can be proud,
It all depends on you . . .

"Once I was your hero, you know. Once I marched down Fifth Avenue and into France for you and a million others. I don't care what the million others think now but—Frances!—Frances! ! ! Hello! !—Operator!—Operator! ! ! Oh—I thought you hung up on me. Don't hang up on me. That's my big battle now, melting your heart of stone. You can make me a success. You're my life—my everything."

I know that I can be beggar,
I can be king,
I can be almost any old thing,
It all depends on you . . .

"I'm sincere. That other fellow isn't. Don't you want a little home? A little home away from all this? I know the trouble: I've been too good to you. I should have been gay and flighty, keeping you guessing and worrying. But I'm not built that way. I try to do everything to make you happy. Won't you do something to make me happy? I need you so."

Babies depend on mothers, for their tender care,
Flowers depend on sunshine, and the morning dew,
Each thing depends on something, and I depend on you . . .

"There's somebody waiting to use the phone. I think he can hear every word I say. No, I don't care. I'm not ashamed of my love—I'd tell it to the world. Please, Frances, let's end

this. What other man would stand for treatment like this? Haven't you belittled me enough? Do you want to kill everything?"

Isn't it sweet to know, dear, you can help me on;
Wouldn't it hurt to know, dear, all my hopes are gone?
Wouldn't it make you proud, dear, if I should make a name,
But if I failed to win, dear, would you want all the blame . . .

"Thanks. That's more like the sweetheart of old. At five in front of Loew's. You'll be there now, won't you? You'll keep your word, won't you? Gee, you're great! I'll see you at five. . . . Goodbye."

I can be king
I can be almost any old thing
It all depends on you . . .

—Sidney Skolsky

•

LITTLE SHOPS ON MADISON

The Little Shops on Madison
Are everything that's chic;
With gay irrelevance they run
From pewter to batik.

Here Fashion makes her latest laws
And sways the *mode moderne,*
Expressed in yards of purple gauze,
A mirror, and a fern.

Dear Lady, must your morning stroll
Be early as the lark?
Then use a little self-control
And ambulate on Park!

The Grocer is a perfect Scrooge,
The Butcher is a beast;
But oh, their bills, however huge,
Are credible, at least!

I know my ways are gruff and gauche,
My speech a very churl's,
But did you really need that cloche,
Those simulated pearls?

Lady, I know what mischief's done,
What kisses never tell! . . .
The Little Shops on Madison
Are doing pretty well!

—Leslie Nelson Jennings

•

Makes 35c Clean Like Three-Fifty!

"No matter whether it's flaked, chipped or powdered," our chemists report, *"it takes ten times the quantity of ordinary soap to equal the cleansing potentialities of Laungerol."*

That is why so many women are turning from other soaps to Laungerol, the new olive oil liquid soap for silk, rayon and woolen fabrics. Makes dainty new garments look better and last longer.

Featured in best drug and department stores everywhere.

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Two days out of wintry New York on a Cunarder and you are introduced to summer . . . Lounging in your stateroom you anticipate Nassau in a tangle of palms and bananas . . . Ordering from your diplomatic steward at dinner you visualize the joys of a daiquiri at the Sevilla Biltmore Café in Havana . . . An hour in the gymnasium and you glimpse yourself diving through the jade surf at Crane Beach, Barbados . . . And it is all true . . . Because you are on a Cunarder which is just as glamorous, marvelous and adventurous as the tropical ports you will visit.

Two 31 day cruises $300 up

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From N. Y. . . .
January 19 and
February 23, 1929.

Every Saturday to Havana by the Transatlantic Liner Caronia . . . Every luxury of a great Cunarder . . . from New York . . . January to March 16, 1929.

For further information apply to your local agent

CUNARD-ANCHOR WEST INDIES CRUISES

PASSENGERS

The Statistician

"NOW we came over on the Majestic. That's exactly 56,551 tons. Well, it is kind of big for a boat. Now you compare that with this boat and you'll find there is a big difference. For example, this boat is 52,636 tons, which makes a difference—have you got a pencil? Now let's see. Why, that's a difference of 3,915 tons, which is pretty considerable. Yes, that's pretty considerable.

"Oh, we did it in good time considering that the entire distance was 3,129 miles. The lowest we ever did was 486 miles in one day. Now you just stack that alongside of the day before yesterday. That was the day we had the snowstorm and we did only 236 miles, and confidentially, I understand from one of the ship's officers that that was the lowest put into their log since their first voyage. Now that would be—let me see; this is the one hundred and twentieth, and they average ten trips a year. Well, that's twelve years.

"WHAT'S that? Oh, that's the ship's bells. That was three bells just now. Well, this would be the middle watch and that means it's one-thirty. Now if this was three bells on the second dogwatch that would mean seven-thirty. Yes, that's seven-thirty at night, of course. Oh, yes indeed. I've been over many times, that's how I know.

"Well, it'll be good to see the Ambrose Channel Light Vessel. Yes, that means we're within twenty-two miles of New York. Oh, you're going to Boston? Well, you want to watch out for Nantucket. Yes, Nantucket. That would be, well, about one hundred and sixty-six miles from Boston."

The Bookkeeper

"LET'S see. I began with two thousand francs. That would be—oh, that would be, now, yeah, eighty dollars. Now I can account for everything but twelve dollars. The idea is to find out what could have happened between the difference of eighty dollars and the twelve dollars, so that I can find out how I could have spent the twelve dollars.

"Now, let's see. Agnes. Oh, Agnes. How much is a florin in Italian money? Ha? It's English money? Why, I always thought a florin was Italian money. Isn't that funny, but I could have sworn that a florin was Italian money. How much would it be? I know, dear, but just how much is two shillings? Now, honey, there's no reason at all for you to raise your voice just because I asked a simple question. Is it my fault that I keep forgetting these foreign figures? You'd think that these foreigners would be so grateful for the Americans coming all the way over here and dropping their good money that the least they would do would be to show some courtesy by changing their money into American money, or something, so that they would make it convenient for the Americans who come over here to buy their stuff. But no. Catch them doing that, when they can get some money out of us by fooling us with their foreign money.

"WELL, now what have I got here? There's the dress, the gloves, the lunch, the tip, those handkerchiefs—but where is that twelve dollars? Oh, Agnes, I do wish you'd stop fidgeting with that dress and tell me where the twelve dollars went. I know, but twelve dollars is twelve dollars. Oh, yes, those ties. Isn't it funny, but I forgot all about those ties. Now there were four hundred and fifty francs. That would be . . . ah . . . eighteen dollars. Now that means I'm six dollars over. That isn't right.

"Now, let's see. That dress, that's eight hundred francs; those gloves, that's . . ."

The Buyer

"SO it's like I'm tellin' ya. He says to me: 'Less than eighteen dollars I can't sell 'em to ya,' he says, and I says: 'Excuse the expression,' I says, 'but ya can go to hell.' So that makes him sit up and take notice. And when he's through I get the entire lot for fifteen dollars. Sure, an' the whole lot was fancies. I can sell the fancies at twenty-two dollars. Say, that's better than what the Marshall-Fields and them other outfits can do. Listen, I'm tellin' ya. So what? Oh,

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NORTH CAROLINA
America's Premier Winter Resort

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ANNA PAVLOWA

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163 West 57th Street Circle 1927

yeah. So I took them fancies and in that lot was some extra-light weights. What trouble them extra-light weights gimme. I couldn't sell 'em for love nor money. The fancies and the brocades I sold, I'm tellin' ya, but them extra-light weights—I couldn't even give 'em away. So what did I do? So when I went to Paris to stock up, I bought a lot of French labels and I stuck 'em on the extra-light weights.

"SO I had one of these here fellers come up to see me at the hotel. So I says to him, I says: 'Listen,' I says, 'I brung back with me a shipment of merchandize from Paris that's gonna be the next year's sensation,' I says. And then I pulls out the extra-light weights. So he says to me: 'These are extra-light weights,' he says. And I says: 'You tellin' me somethin'? These,' I says, 'are next season's styles especially imported from Paris,' I says, 'and before the other buyers starts unloadin' on the market,' I says, 'you can have 'em for twenny-five dollars.' 'Twenny-five,' he says. 'I should pay twenny-five dollars for extra-light weights!' 'But,' I says, 'you figger out yesself the dooty on importin' merchandize like this here and see for yesself,' I says. So we argues back and forth and—sure, he takes all the extra-light weights at twenny-five. An' I paid fifteen dollars for 'em. I'm tellin' ya!

"Oh, waiter. I mean, steward. The same thing and make mine a double. Yeah, a double."

—ARTHUR KOBER

•

NO TRAFFIC TOWER TO GUIDE HER

I never wait for cab or truck,
But trust implicitly to luck
Because I'd rather dodge and run
Than wait. And furthermore it's fun
To see the big policemen glower—
It gives me such a sense of power.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

Dorothy Parker, internationally known literary critic and writer of New York, has arrived at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios to become a writer of plots and dialogues for the talking screen. Miss Parker is noted for such work as "The Woman Next Door," in collaboration with Elmer Rice, a stage play, and "Enough Rope" and "Sunset Guns," popular novels.—*M-G-M publicity notice.*

Internationally, if somewhat vaguely, known.

WHERE WINTER SUNSHINE MAKES INDIAN SUMMER

WHEN the calendar says "Winter," it is Indian Summer at The Broadmoor. Air is balmy, roads are fine, bridle paths magnificent, the beautiful golf course is comfortably playable nearly every day. The rare snows never last long; the occasional days of dry cold are sparkling and bracing.

Indoors, swimming, a little theater, exclusive shops, music, dancing, games, flowers—complete gymnasium at the Golf Club—acres of pleasant attractions.

Studied refinements in every detail of the service—and meals to tempt a king! Open always; and always delightful.

The BROADMOOR
COLORADO SPRINGS
HOME OF THE FAMOUS MANITOU SPARKLING WATERS

Reservations direct, or at:
The Ritz, New York;
23, Haymarket, London;
11 Rue de Castiglione, Paris.

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And, of course, you must see the wondrous Isle of Pines—the valley of the Yumuri—the Valley of Vinales—Matanzas — Pinar del Rio, home of "burning romance" in leaf.

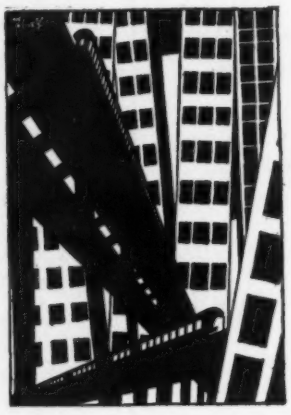
Information from Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana, or from any Cuban Consulate or Tourist Agency.

Havana
SMARTEST CITY IN AMERICA

THE SKY LINE

Victim of Progress—Georgian Tepee—The Next to Last Word

ARCHITECTS and others have heard with mixed emotions of the approaching demolition of the old Waldorf-Astoria and the passing of Peacock Alley. This will doubtless evoke a sufficient quantity of sentimental outpourings to render unnecessary any comment of that sort by this technical department. The memory of the hostelry, called "ancient" by virtue of its three and a half decades, which also have given it the title of "landmark," will always connote in hotel construction the high-water mark of the gay nineties.



Its architect was Henry J. Hardenbergh, who was much to the fore in the designing of the elaborate inns of the period. Lavish decorations and complicated detail were the order of the day, an order which the architect filled to the complete satisfaction of his clients and their clientele. The swing from gorgeousness, glitter and gold to a more sober dignity and a less flamboyant richness is characteristic of a later trend in hotel design.

THE ground-floor plan of the hotel has always been confused and unsatisfactory, due in large measure to the joining of the two halves, which would seem to have been planned independently. The waste spaces, corridors, and inner rooms were filled with palatial impedimenta. There were palm-rooms, Turkish rooms, and the like, not to forget the commodious bar which, for a time, was the favorite of young and old men-about-town. The exterior, despite a rather monotonous brickiness of color, has considerable picturesque charm, and reflects, particularly in the long elevation on Thirty-fourth Street, the romantic quality of a Flemish *hôtel de ville*, a school of design in which its architect was proficient.

The importance of this site can hardly be overestimated. Two hundred feet on the Avenue, by four hundred on the side streets, is no mean-sized lot for any generation. It will be covered by a fifty-story office building, to be erected by the Bethlehem Engineering Company, an organization which, under the direction of its president, Floyd de L. Brown, has already an excellent exhibit on the Avenue in the building which houses the Chatham-Phenix Bank and the Radio Corporation of America.

Mr. Brown announces that the new structure will embody a feature that is the direct result of present-day demands: from both of the side streets, wide ramps will be built, large enough to accommodate trucks, which will lead to a big automobile terminal on the basement level.

IN a surprisingly short time the builders have fulfilled the graceful promises of the architects' drawings for the new Tammany Hall at Seventeenth Street and Fourth Avenue. We applauded this design in its drafting period and can add honest encomiums on the exterior façades which are now complete. Dignified Georgian is the style chosen by the braves for their new tepee, a relatively low structure of limestone and Flemish bonded brick. The small-sized Harvard brick is used, the texture and color of which are agreeable.

Over the principal entrance on Seventeenth Street is the inscription, "The Society of Tammany or Columbian Order," with the dates, 1786–1928. Christopher Columbus and Big Chief Tammany, himself, appear in well-carved portrait medallions, flanking the inscription. That Columbus had an affiliation with Tammany will be news to many.

Within, all is still thoroughly scaffolded and the showers of white-coat plaster endanger the garments of the prying reporter. Enough of the entourage is visible to indicate that the same architectural restraint which marks the exterior is to be extended to the various meeting-rooms, lounges, and the auditorium in which the more important powwows will be held. The architects of this worthy civic decoration are Thompson, Holmes & Converse.

A void has been left at the main corner where the cornerstone will be inserted with appropriate ceremonies.

It provides ample space for articles of a considerable size, such as, shall we say, a brown derby?

NO sooner do we achieve a type of architecture than something happens to it. Here we had supposed that our skyscrapers and towers were the last word in beauty and fitness for our own particular problem and some one comes along and gives it the works. No sooner had the Apartment Bill been proposed, raising the possible height of buildings, than eagle-eyed architects rose to oppose its provisions which, they say, will plunge the tenants on the lower floors into "a canyon of darkness." The opponents of the new law have submitted graphic models to support their contentions. What to do, what to do? We will probably have to sit back and see what happens. It is well to realize that there is a distinct line of cleavage between the interests of property owners and realtors who are looking for income and rentable space and those of our guardians of civic beauty who have the larger interests of the community at heart. Out of these discussions came the present law regulating the height of business buildings, and we feel confident that a similar beneficent result will be attained in connection with apartment-house design. —T-SQUARE

•

SHOES

[EXCERPTS]

GENTLEMEN: I assure you it was a great surprise when I learned that I was to be honored in having the privilege of addressing you shoe manufacturers of the nation on a subject so near to me.

Shoes, gentlemen, is indeed a fitting —ahem!—subject, and I only hope that if my tongue should run away with me you will put your foot down and give me a good lacing, ha, ha!

But, seriously, men, I often think that we do not realize the part shoes play in our daily lives. . . .

Shoe (a word appearing in the Teutonic languages in various forms as German Schuh, and Danish Sko) is a covering for the foot. The simplest foot-protector is the sandal, which consists of a sole attached to the foot, usually by leather thongs.

Where climate demanded greater protection for the foot, the primitive races shaped a rude shoe out of a single piece of untanned hide; this was laced

Bracelets of Historic Inspiration

Udall & Ballou present bracelets which have the richness and sumptuous character of the jewelry of the French Regency — unforgettable wristlets that sparkle even in memory.

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Would you bathe in sunlit seas? Florida's famous beaches await you. Is golf the master motive? Splendid courses challenge your skill. Are your dreams of fishing and hunting? In the deep waters and silent forests game abounds.

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leaves New York
9:15 a. m. daily, arriving at Tampa 4:20 p. m., St. Petersburg 4:40 p. m., Sebring 4:55 p. m., Sarasota 6:30 p. m., Fort Myers 7.10 p. m. the next day—6 other fine trains to Florida every day.

Mr. B. F. FULLER, A. G. P. A.
and a staff of Tropical Travel Experts are booking reservations now at 8 West 40th Street, New York
Telephone Lackawanna 7080

Atlantic Coast Line
The Standard Railroad of the South

with a thong, and so made a complete covering.

But you fellows weren't satisfied with either the sandal without upper, or the upper without sole. And so you figured and improved, until today we have that happy combination known as the shoe.

I might add that without shoes many of our business men now wealthy beyond estimate would still be poverty-stricken, for many, many of our great merchant princes started on a shoe string, ha, ha! . . .

Napoleon once said, "An army moves upon its stomach." Now I chanced to have a son in the World War, and I just want to say that I don't agree with Napoleon. An army travels on their shoes.

As with the army, so with the nation. You men have put the nation on its feet and kept it there. . . .

On the way over here, I jotted down a little poem about shoes on the back of an old envelope. Your chairman chanced to see it, and although I don't think it's very good, he insists that I read it. And so, gentlemen, I give you this simple tribute, scrawled hurriedly on the back of an envelope:

In that fearful winter at Valley Forge
When the frost did sting and the snow did gorge,
The brave American soldiers had the fearful blues,
And the nation's great need right then was for shoes.
You fellows heard the call of General Washington,
And you answered that call, each and every one.
Shoes you made and shoes you shipped, tough as hickory,
And it wasn't long, ere those soldiers won the victory.

—JOHN FORBES

•

THE BROADWAY LIGHTS, FANTASTIC

The glow of incandescents booms
A welcome to the motley horde
That, being welcomed thus, presumes
It *must* be, or it *can't* be, bored.

—C. C.

•

HO HUM (EASTERN STANDARD) DEPARTMENT

[*From the NBC bulletin*]

What artists seek in models who pose for pictures of typical American beauties will be explained Thursday evening when James Montgomery Flagg, noted illustrator, speaks through the NBC system at 8 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time (7 o'clock Central Standard Time) as a feature of the Lehn and Fink Serenade.

Tina and Ghirardy
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Every Evening and at Tea
Wednesdays and Saturdays
The
BILTMORE SUPPER ROOM
Good Music ∽ Bernie Cummins and His Orchestra
Daily at Tea and Supper
HOTEL BILTMORE
Madison Ave. and *43rd* St.
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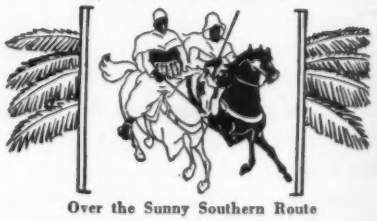
TO THE
MEDITERRANEAN
THIS WINTER



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especially famous for her decorative art and luxurious appointments.
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to Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples, Genoa.
Optional tours of exceptional interest are offered at all ports of call.

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OUT OF TOWN

On Ice or Snow—A Million Miles an Hour

YOU will have to make your own choice between Canada and our arid North for your winter neck-breaking. I am as nearly neutral as anyone can be whose idea of winter sports is skis in one hand, a hot toddy in the other. All reports have it that Montreal and Quebec are properly blanketed and ready for the onslaught. Montreal is full of huge hotels which combine all the effete city comforts with such rugged dangers as the mile-a-minute toboggan slide on Mount Royal—a surprising mountain which, as I remember, rears itself right in the middle of the city park. You can ski on it, and there are innumerable rinks, both indoor and outdoor, where you skate, take part in competitions, or watch some of the best professional hockey games in the world. These take place in the evening and are quite gala.

You go about the city or up the mountain for your sports, in sleighs drawn by horses or dogs; and horseback riding in the snow is very popular. Skijoring (being drawn on skis by horses or automobiles—if you've never been north), snowshoeing, and curling are other ways of getting cold and tired, but happy, that all visitors go in for.

AMONG the endless Montreal hotels, these are some that are highly recommended: the Mount Royal, an enormous place, where they have and do everything; the Windsor, of the dignified British type; the Ritz-Carlton, which is all you expect of a Ritz; the Queen's, a substantial, family stronghold; and the Place Viger, charming and in the French part of the city.

Montreal is only overnight from New York, via the Montrealer, which leaves the Pennsylvania Station every night at eight, coming through from Washington, stops at a number of important New England cities on its way up, and arrives at Montreal at 8:05 A.M. and Quebec at 2:30 P.M.

On the New York Central there is a fast train—the Montreal Limited—that leaves New York at 9:45 P.M. and arrives at Montreal at 7:50 A.M. It also has through cars to Quebec,

CLYDE LINE

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To HAVANA and MIAMI

From the spacious salons to the charming and quite unusual suites and staterooms, nothing is lacking for the complete enjoyment of the trip. Broad, open or glass-enclosed decks for sports and promenades .... new and interesting acquaintances .... concerts and dances .... social activities .... spacious lounges .... tempting food .... all the joy .... all the romance of that oft-planned tropical vacation. What more could one wish?

Special winter service from New York to Havana during January, February and March—with a day's sightseeing at Miami enroute. Attractive all-expense tours including steamer accommodations, hotels and sightseeing trips.

Also regular sailings New York to Jacksonville and Miami, calling at Charleston, S. C., with additional non-stop express service New York direct to Miami.

Automobiles carried on all Steamers

New De Luxe Sister Ships Shawnee and Iroquois

Information, reservations and tickets for all Clyde Line Services, 25 W. 43rd Street, New York and General Offices, Pier 36, North River, New York, or any Authorized Tourist Agent.

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HAVANA AND MEXICO CITY

HAVANA 10 to 17 Days
All Expenses $120 up

Ideal voyages to a romantic foreign capital. Delightful sightseeing in automobiles and launches included. Visit the Prado, Casino, Malecon, Morro Castle. Enjoy golf, tennis, racing, boating, bathing, dancing. Novel sights! Charming scenes! Endless diversion!

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European life and color amid the relics of ancient civilizations. Shore visits at Havana, side trip to Merida, sight-seeing trips in Mexico City included.

WARD LINE
AGWI LINES
Ft. Wall St., New York or authorized Tourist Agents

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CARONIA
to
HAVANA
EVERY SATURDAY

The largest and fastest transatlantic liner in weekly service between
NEW YORK and HAVANA
From New York Every Saturday direct to pier in Havana

Famous transatlantic liner Caronia, 31,155 tons, newly remodeled with first-class service of Cunard's Transatlantic standards. Hot and cold running water in every room . . . all beds, no berths, many rooms with private baths. Glass-enclosed deck . . . charming lounges . . . verandah café . . . All at rates which only Cunard service justifies. Advance hotel reservations in Havana. Special 13-day all-expense tours.

Your Local Agent or

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25 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.

which get you there at two o'clock that afternoon.

QUEBEC has it over Montreal, in my opinion, because of its atmosphere (oh, yes, quaint and all that, but I don't care), and because it's a shade less urban, which makes the general character of things simpler. Besides the marvellous Château Frontenac, whose ski-jumping course is famous everywhere, the Clarendon, the St. Roch, and the Victoria are good hotels, the last-named being really French. The third week in February, the International Dog Sled Derby takes place in Quebec; it's a grand affair, lasting several days, and winding up with a big masked ball.

These dog derbies are growing more popular every year, and there are several in our country well worth going to: at Poland Springs, Maine; at the Lake Placid Club; and at Laconia, New Hampshire, where the dog races are perhaps the best of all. Laconia is about three hours from Boston via the Boston & Maine, and has two good small hotels, the Laconia Tavern and the Ewebin Inn. The Annual New England Dog Sled Races there are held February 11–13.

MAINE, New Hampshire, and Vermont are making strong bids for attention as winter-sports centres, and are going in for carnivals and competitions all during January and February. The Log Lodge at Lucerne-in-Maine is a very fine winter hotel; at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, the St. Johnsbury Hotel is popular; in New Hampshire there are the Hotel Randall, at North Conway; the Cheshire House, at Keene; and the Hanover Inn, at Hanover, where more than one of you will remember big moments incident to carnival parties at Dartmouth. The beauty of winter in these places is their complete wildness, and the absence of dressy dinner interludes. This is a point to remember when a party of friends is planning a skiing or snowshoeing trip.

Lake Placid means, of course, the Lake Placid Club. While this club has certain perfectly obvious restricting rules regarding membership, it is really very simple to spend a week or two there—simply by being introduced by one or more regular members, and vouched for by them, whether they are there or not. They write to the club office, or one goes there armed with letters of introduction. That's that. If you can bear the quantity of sim-

plified spelling which assaults your bewildered eyes on menus, programs, and all club literature, you can't fail to have a good time. The food is simple and of the very, very best; the club is excellently run; and there are a thousand ways of having an unusual vacation, one of the best being a house-party in one of the club cottages. There is, of course, every imaginable form of winter sports, and contests are held in one or another of them every day. Special attention is paid to children. If you mean to go, you can hardly make your reservations too soon —on the New York Central Railroad.

ONE of the more unusual forms of winter excitement is ice-boating, which is being promoted at several Adirondack lakes that are familiar to most people only in summer, among them Tupper, Old Forge, Raquette, and Schroon. Ice-boating is my idea of something, if you really are determined to court disaster. It's fast, fierce, thrilling, and very dangerous, for collisions and upsets happen at every turn. The boats get up the most incredible speed, and all kinds of precautions must be taken to keep from freezing to death in them. The best ice-boating in America is probably found at Madison, Wisconsin, where the whole university spends the winter on the ice. It's not far from Chicago, if you happen to be there, and the Loraine Hotel will put you up. There is fine ice-boating on all the Great Lakes, too, after you get far enough north to be assured of plenty of hard, cruel, unyielding ice, and wind travelling along at a million miles an hour.

NO matter what you hear, remember that you can always buy winter-sports clothing, or any other equipment, right where you propose to do your sporting. It saves endless trouble. You can even rent skis and snowshoes, and as for clothes, American resorts are not St. Moritz, and any old khakies and woollens are much more in the picture than carefully thought-out ensembles in suedes and angoras. Wear skirts, always, for skating, and knickers or breeches for everything else. —FOOT-LOOSE

•

THE BEWILDERED CELEBRANT

[*From the Salt Lake Telegram*]

PAIR of felt slippers wanted. Will swap three jazz neckties, lavender suspenders, and box of Christmas cigars.

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Popular Young Actress

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Toasting frees Lucky Strike from impurities. 20,679 physicians recognize this when they say Luckies are less irritating than other cigarettes. That's why folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful. So, for moderation's sake we say:—

"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

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the red white and blues

colorful entertainment, star spangled amusement, said the clever cinema customer, even in january, is prevalent at

the paramount

where
that all the world may know is colleen moore in "synthetic sin" - - - a first national artificiality, not a transgression

and
on the stage is "cheerio" paul oscard's british revue with the deutsch mr. krueger and the paramount stage band

and
of course, jesse crawford, at the organ, completing the program as only jesse can.

at the rivoli— united artists

is that beautiful creature, vilma banky, depicting true love in all its ramifications in samuel goldwyn's "awakening"—a united artists picture

at the rialto

not wasting its fragrance on the broadway air is "abie's irish rose"—a paramount picture and anne nichols' favorite flower.

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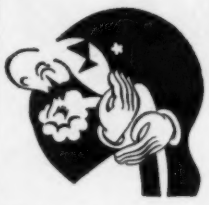
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Heavy Hand of Hollywood—Not for All Children



IT is regrettable that a very little more tact and discretion were not used in the direction of "The River," at the Gaiety, for it would then easily be a first-rate picture. As it stands now there are moments of beautiful photography and daring acting, but these are interwoven with unfortunate lapses into the banal or even into moments which are ludicrously incongruous with the mood of the picture.

The scene of the story is in some western backwoods settlement, a streak of shacks built about the gully through which flows the river. In this remote place a woman of the world, as the phrase goes, is left stranded when her lover is taken to prison. With only the crow which he has left her for company, she seems doomed to a long bleak winter in this deserted place until down the river floats in his self-made craft a young man, a completely inexperienced and unsophisticated boy. There is a certain Daphnis and Chloë charm to their first encounter, and the movie takes up the story of their mutual passion.

The glamour of this love affair and its violence are at moments depicted brilliantly, without prudishness, and with audacity. Mary Duncan plays the woman with sense and appeal, and Charles Farrell is excellent as the boy. There are, however, unfortunate little fancy touches such as the stressed symbolism of the River, which is not only a mere river, but is the river of life itself, the river that "winds somewhere safe to sea," and even the poor pet crow is made to suggest the proverbial bird in the cage—hardly a gilded cage in this case—as well as the bird of ill omen. Even in its direct literal moments the picture has not always been wisely constructed. It takes delicacy to dramatize the emotions of primitive people, and the audience titters at those moments when the boy in frustrated passion runs into the cold night and chops down trees. At least in New York, chopping kindling is not understood as a gesture of unhappy love.

DO not make the mistake of taking the little ones to see "Mother of Mine," or "Faces of Children," as the other and better title reads. It was at the Cameo, and is a good picture; but a grim and poignant study of the stepmother problem is more interesting to their elders than it is to young people, even though there be beautiful and moving acting by children, as there is in this film. It is a French picture about the peasants of the French Alps, and very honestly and earnestly depicted. "Prep and Pep," at the Roxy, would be more the orthodox picture for young people to like, though there are rumors that such pictures bore them to death. This was photographed at Culver Military Academy, but aside from the genuinely schoolboyish appearance of David Rollins and the rest of the young men in the cast, it has not much in it to entertain the jaded spirit.

SINCE we seem so preoccupied with the likes and dislikes of the juveniles, we might remark of "Gow, the Head Hunter," down at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, that it has much the character of an educational film, and many of the closeups might be expected in the *National Geographic Magazine*. This is not a disparaging comment on this picture of the cannibals of the Solomon Islands, filmed by the producers of "Chang" and "Grass." They seem, however, to have depended in this movie more than in their others on the aid of luridly written captions to heighten the interest.

IN "Captain Swagger," with Rod La Rocque, that opened at the Strand, there is a duel between aviators during the war and a holdup of a New York cabaret in that year—so long ago—1928, and besides this, a good deal of rather flimsy nonsense that need not take you out on a chill night. It wasn't as amusing as the short picture that preceded it, wherein Willie and Eugene Howard sang about "Olga, the Rose of the Volga."

—J. C. M.

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COURT GAMES

Champion's Courtesy—Among the Ten Best

THE start of another year in squash tennis finds the game without a leader. Rowland Haines is the national champion, but he has already been defeated twice.

There is no doubt in my mind that Haines, who punishes a ball more severely than any other man in the game except a few of the professionals, can take the measure of any rival when he makes the most of his talents; but exactly when he is going to make the most of them has again become a question.

I say "again" because until he first won the title, in 1927, it was only too apparent that the one quality holding him back was his inordinate good nature and sense of sportsmanship. It was not until he forgot about being kind and charitable to his opponents that he came into his own.

NOW once more it seems that some one must tell the champion that charity on the courts begins and ends at home. It is all right to be scrupulous about playing fair, but it is possible to be too scrupulous. As a case in point, take the match in which Haines was beaten by Milton Baron, of the Fraternity Club, in the Clyde Martin Memorial Tournament. Baron played well and deserved his victory, but Haines might have been the victor had he been just a little fairer to himself in the second game. He had won the first and the score stood 14–13 against him in the second. In the next rally Baron had Haines out of position, and as the champion rushed to reach the ball and make his stroke, his racquet brushed his opponent's arm. The ball hit the tin and it was Baron's game.

Baron asked Haines to take a let, but the champion scoffed at the idea, although it is customary to take one when your stroke is interfered with. Had he done so, the match might have been over then instead of going on to the third game, which was also won by Baron.

IT seems that all one has to do now in order to go into a slump is to

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[A JED HARRIS PRODUCTION]

THE

Front Page

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A New Comedy by EDWIN BURKE
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"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE"
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beat the champion. Larigan put Haines out in the fall tournament and then was defeated by Gavin Brackenridge in the Clyde Martin Memorial Tournament. When Baron overcame Haines he appeared to be the logical winner of the tournament, but Dr. Mixsell beat him in the final. It was Baron who eliminated the Doctor in the national championship last year, and as the Princeton veteran has played little this season the odds naturally were on the younger man.

Mixsell has a habit of putting the younger fellows in their places, and if you are looking for a man on whom to put your money as the winner of the national, don't overlook him. I have a suspicion, though, that Haines will be true to his supporters when the time comes to defend his title. Larigan and Baron will also be there, and Tom Coward is still around. Some of the newcomers in squash have begun to believe that Coward is a myth, but he's due to start his comeback any day now.

THE Lockett Cup matches, postponed from the middle of December, will be played this weekend, January 5 and 6, at the Rockaway Hunting Club. New York will have an excellent chance to take the cup away from Philadelphia; Boston's strength remains unknown. With George Debevoise, Larry Pool, P. K. Keenan, Lathrop Haskins, Perry R. Pease, R. F. DeVoe, and Elliott Pratt to call upon, the Metropolitan Squash Racquets Association is in a position to put an exceptionally strong team on the courts.

It is also likely that Herbert Rawlins, the national squash-racquets champion, will be back from England in time to play No. 1 on the team. If he is not available, Debevoise will lead off. This young Harvard Club player has been doing unusually well during the holidays and has been regularly beating so formidable a player as Pool.

Palmer Dixon, it seems, as a tournament player, is definitely through with squash racquets. It is too bad, for Dixon, only a few years out of Harvard, easily ranks among the world's ten best players. Squash racquets' loss is racquets' gain. —A. D.

•

I wish to take up lessons on the saxophone, but have a high blood pressure, heart murmur, and punctured diaphragm. Do you think it would be advisable.—*Health column in the Graphic.*

Yes. You can't lose.

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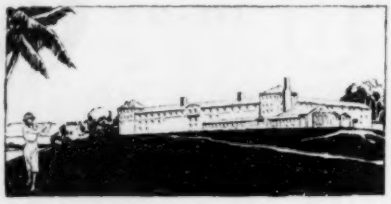

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BERMUDA

THE UPPER BERTH

THE dimmed lights. The green baize. The snores. The whispers. The lady who is taking off her dress in the middle of the aisle but hopes, since she has the curtains draped about her, that you won't notice it. The man who has already taken off his vest, coat, collar, and shoes, seems likely to go further at any moment, and apparently doesn't care whether you notice him or not. The question as to what to do with your five bags which the porter regards as five direct personal insults. Your blithe statement that all you need is the small dressing-case and that what he does with the other four is between him and the Pullman Company. The loud shush from the woman in the lower berth who is trying to get some sleep.

THE dressing-room. The soap that smells of bananas. The hot water that is a tepid trickle. The towels that are full of soot. The decision that since you are alone you might as well smoke a cigarette.

The return to your berth. The comb you left on the shelf. The bracelet you left on the washstand. The recovery of both these articles. The ladder. The fingernail broken in trying to button the curtains. The opening of your dressing-case.

The evening dress. The Liberty scarf. The extra pair of stockings and the georgette slip. The box of chocolates and the *American Mercury*. The cleansing tissue and the horrid recollection that you put your nightdress and slippers in the top of your hatbox.

The all too vivid picture of the porter's sentiments if you ring. The fifteen minutes' hesitation whether to be firm and ruthless or just to make the best of it and sleep in your intimate lingerie. The realization after a few minutes' trial that your intimate lingerie was not designed for sleeping purposes. The bell which echoes like a fire alarm. The five minutes' wait in intense trepidation. The second ring. The third ring. The reluctant conclusion that the porter has either died or been left behind in the last station.

THE decision to put on your fur coat and shoes and look for the hatbox yourself. The cautious glance through the curtains at the deserted aisle. The blasted hope that the ladder may still be there.

The hideous feeling of swinging from the curtain rod but of being un-

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able, due to the swaying of the train, to step on the arm of the lower berth. The fear that you'll lose your grip and fall. The fear that you'll step on the face of the lady below. The fear that the button on your coat will give way and you will be revealed to startled fellow-passengers clad in the absolute minimum of pale pink crêpe de Chine.

The voices. The desperate leap that is successful. The gentlemen returning from the smoking-car who seem surprised to see you but not nearly so surprised as they would have been two minutes earlier. The search under the berth for the missing hatbox.

The continued search in the dressing-room, both platforms, and the dressing-rooms of the two adjoining cars. The grim thought that it was probably taken off the train at the last stop and that you might as well resign yourself and go back to bed.

THE almost insuperable difficulty of climbing into your berth in your fur coat. The obvious impossibility of climbing back without it. The indomitable courage. The surprising agility. The abandonment of the higher modesty and the sudden lurch landing you on top of the dressing-case, your felt hat, two new novels, and a carton of cigarettes. The timely appearance of the porter, inquiring in tones of deepest sympathy why you didn't ring for him. The regret that during his brief appearance you were much too confused to mention the hatbox.

The rearrangement of your possessions so that it is possible, though not easy, to get into bed. The thought that if you do get in you'll look like an entombed Egyptian surrounded by mortuary gifts. The decision to take a chance on the train's not being wrecked and sleep in the georgette slip.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

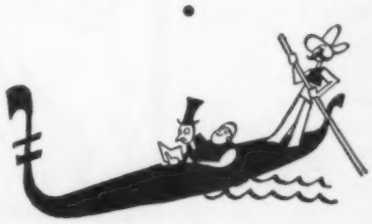
•

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Pittsburgh Press*]

Dear Editor: I would like to express my opinion of H. L. Mencken. In the first place he is un-American and selfish. He doesn't think clearly and I think he is a foe to civilization. I think he is not a Christian.

•



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THE ART GALLERIES

The Return of More Natives

THIS has been a busy year for the painters who have been away seeking inspiration abroad. Three more are holding shows this week; two of them have been in France so long that they are almost strangers here. Hartley comes back to his sponsor, Stieglitz; Fiske Boyd returns to Daniel; and Edward Bruce makes his annual appearance, this time at Knoedler.

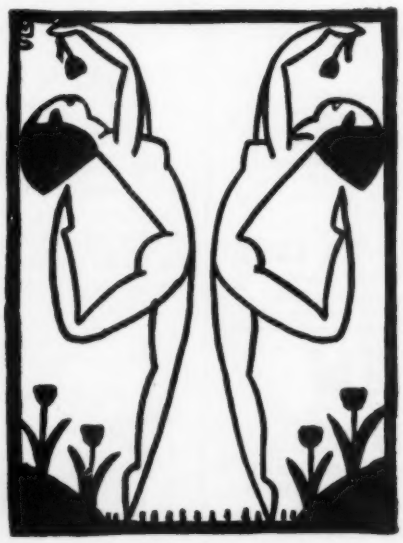
Marsden Hartley was one of the pioneers of modern art in America. He was among the first who became aware of the new movement as sponsored by the French, and whenever possible he has gone to France to paint. We believe it has been three or four years since he has had a show in this country. The present one, in the Stieglitz Room 303, is a crowded, full exhibit of his later manner, but includes some examples of his earlier work as well.

As for ourselves, we prefer the solid, heavy pictures, influenced, perhaps, by Derain and Braque. There is something about his "Still Life" and some of the smaller arrangements of fruits that is as satisfying as anything that has come out of this country. They have an architectural soundness and a tonal unity that come only from long association with master picture-makers. We feel, too, that here is something distinctly American, and further away from its original sources than one's first impression might suggest.

Hartley himself, we learn from his published works, has a fondness for what he considers his intellectualization of a subject. He claims that he has renounced the old emotional approach and has gone in for pure reason on canvas. We are inclined to dispute this with him, and if forced to the wall would still insist that he has hidden his intellectual approach with great skill. The traces of his first interest are apparent in every picture and somehow surmount the things that he has learned. But this is neither here nor there. You will either like or not like Hartley, and you will care not a damn how he obtains his inspiration.

We did not see the pictures under the most favorable conditions, and on a second view may find that hanging has emphasized the importance of the better ones. The series of Mont Ste. Victoire, while of interest to painters, did not thrill us as did some smaller studies of perfect arrangement. Here and there is a Cézanne exercise, done to the *n*th degree, and even an occasional bow to Segonzac. It is an important show and one you should see.

FISKE BOYD has been on view modestly in several of the annual shows of the Daniel group. He now comes with a full-sized exhibit after some years spent abroad. The expert might have seen the first indications of Boyd's genius in the little examples that have come to view before, but we doubt if any layman would have been prepared for the full flowering of his art. Boyd has gone directly to Turner, skipping some of the stylists who came after and are better known. He has gone in for poetry, and we imagine he is wise to have done so. Living amid the grinding wheels of a super-mechanical civilization, people will turn for compensation more and more toward the beautiful and non-mechanical. Picture-gazing is primarily a release, and the poet-painter consequently has an advantage over the realist every time.



Two or three of the large canvases in this show are superb. "The Villa Garden" is one of the best; a misty, glamorous organization of clouds and vapors, tree tops and hills. "Fiesole" is a similar problem worked out in soft greens. In the picture in which he attempts a like tonal miracle with reds—we believe it is the "Monte Rinaldi"—he is not so success-

ful. The exhibit as a whole, however, affords a thrilling experience. Since Ryder this country has seen few inspired poets painting.

EDWARD BRUCE, who has made an annual pilgrimage home from Italy about every year we can recall, is now ensconced at Knoedler. This firm lately announced its desire to flirt now and then with moderns, and we suppose it considers Mr. Bruce as being one. The current show contains only a few dozen canvases, while most of his previous exhibits have been rich in pictures. This small output may indicate a more serious attitude on the painter's part or it may merely indicate a lack of wall space. Mr. Bruce has a natural talent. We might say that he was spoiled by having too much. He turned out things with such facility that he could be pardoned for thinking that the supply was inexhaustible and the source pure. He also suffers from a circle of admiring friends with the funds to purchase his yearly output.

Mr. Bruce sees too many hills for us and apparently has some compulsion to put them all in his picture. Nature has never been a good model, especially for those without the proper schooling in selectivity. Thousands of little trees and vine rows are not important enough to be included in a picture unless they contribute toward a significant unity. We also find much fault with his untutored greens. In pure design he is a better painter, the gray trees against a gray sky making a pleasing arrangement. —M. P.

•

MONOGRAPH

Everybody's
Naming children
Nancy now;
Why, I do not know,
Nor how.
But next month
'Twill be other names
Such as Vladimir
Or James.

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

•

American women of culture and refinement (ladies) recognize that a proper prudery is a woman's greatest asset, and decent men prefer women soft and white and innocent rather than hard and bold and brown.—*Bulletin of the National Organization of American Housewives.*

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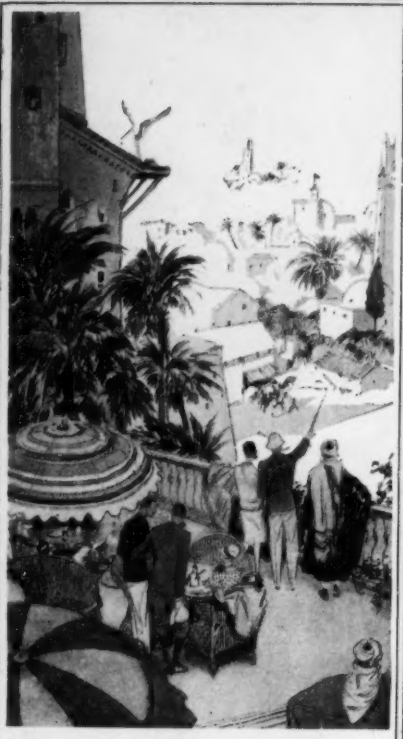

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RECENT BOOKS

Dutch Courage, and a Wife's-Eye View

"THE REBEL GENERATION," by Jo van Ammers-Küller, is the chronicle of three generations of the Cornvelt family in Leyden. In each generation there is a rebellious woman with her back up against prejudice and convention. Louis Cornvelt is the patriarch of the eighteen-forties and rules his sons and his daughters with an iron hand upheld by the word of God, a dominating personality, and his control of the purse strings. One by one he bends his children to his will, all except his half-French niece, Lysbeth, who has a taste for independence and acquires during her sojourn in this pious household a profound cynicism about men. The attitude of her male cousins is summarized by David's reception of her proficiency in Latin: "A sweet pretty girl like you . . . to know Latin. . . . Why it's just as if a flower, a rose in bloom, were to smell of vinegar!"

Lysbeth runs away and reappears in the second section of the book—the eighteen-seventies—as one of the leaders in the new and insidious propaganda for women's rights. She finds another generation of Cornvelts still bound to the traditions of old Louis. Her niece, Eliza, wants to be a doctor, and Lysbeth, perhaps with some malice, encourages her to defy her parents. It was amusing to find Eliza's suitor commenting on this unwomanly ambition: "It's just as if a gentle dove were trying to screech like a peacock." The gentle dove in her turn becomes a leader in the emancipation of women, but in the last section—which is today—she comes, as a conservative, into the household of Stephen Cornvelt to be horrified by the freedom she finds there. The novel has the charm of a genre painting, and an absorbing interest as a record of the emancipation of woman from her position as a mere biological necessity and of the position of her children as reluctant obeyers of the fifth commandment.

ANNA GRIGOREVNA was twenty when she married Fyodor Dostoyevsky and left Russia with him to escape debts and family wrangles. Her diary is a tedious but enormously revealing document relating, without self-consciousness or restraint, the routine of months of wandering through Germany with an epileptic, ill-tempered, improvident, and selfish genius. It is a record of quarrels and reconciliations, of pitiful economies and fantastic extravagancies.

Anna seems to have been blessed with a loving nature. Even at the end of this drab honeymoon, during which she has noted so painstakingly and with such dull precision the defects of her genius-husband, she is still able to say: "I am very, very happy. Who would not be, with such a husband as Fyodor? . . . He is the sweetest, best person in all the world." We found ourselves wondering whether a little snarling back on Anna's part would not have been more stimulating to Fyodor than her rôle as a self-abasing and amorous, not very clever little woman. To us the chief interest of "The Diary of Dostoyevsky's Wife" (which was transcribed from Mme. Dostoyevsky's shorthand notes, April to August, 1867) is the wife's-eye view it gives of a great man. Dostoyevsky himself might have drawn a character for a novel from the portrait she has given.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON'S new excursion into popular historical writing deals with the relation of human progress to the improvements man has made upon his natural state. "Man the Miracle Maker" is just what one expects from Mr. van Loon. It makes gestures of naïveté to emphasize how profound it really is, and we are beginning to find the method irksome. Be that as it may, the theme of the book is one of never-failing fascination. All the inventions that have been made, he points out, serve the general purpose of assisting man in his praiseworthy effort to pass through life with a maximum of pleasure in exchange for a minimum of effort. He begins with the bare skin of man and the pioneer who first dared to cover it with the skin of an animal. From this point, and its ramifications, he moves on to the changes that have come about in social, economic, industrial, and artistic life through the more knowing use of hands, feet, eyes, noses,

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ears, and mouths. It seems to us that "Man the Miracle Maker" is a fine book for inventive little boys who are looking for something more cosmic than the "American Boy's Handy-book," and adults will probably find the new alignment of more or less familiar facts entertaining reading.

SEVERAL volumes of poetry have come out recently. All of them seem to us notable. Edwin A. Robinson's "Sonnets" will not disappoint the lovers of "Tristram." John Gould Fletcher's "Black Rock and Other Poems" is a real addition to a shelf of poetry, not only for the beauty of its lines but also for the variety and sensitiveness of its moods. Lee Wilson Dodd's "Great Enlightment" is a didactic essay in verse on contemporary wisdom, in rhymed couplets. It has the tang of a pungent wit and a keen ironic feeling for the intellectual foibles of the day. It's a book we should be sorry to have missed.

"Winter Words in Various Moods and Metres" is Thomas Hardy's last volume of poetry. One would recognize them for Hardy's, in spite of his prefatory claim that he is attempting no "harmonious philosophy." They smell of Wessex moors and of Jude and Tess, and for all their unevenness they are rugged and beautiful.

"Cawdor," by Robinson Jeffers, is Oedipus in California. Not the California of bathing beauties and poinsettias, but of the austerely beautiful, sometimes savage hills and gnarled pines and shrieking hawks, seagulls, and the sea. Against this setting, Jeffers has hurled his grim narrative in blank verse, through which stalk passion and death and relentless doom.

—R. L. L.

•

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Six Moral Tales from Jules Laforgue (*Liveright*). Frances Newman's excellent translation of six sophisticated fables, among them Lohengrin, Hamlet, Salome, Perseus. The introduction is particularly illuminating.

The Rebel Generation, by Jo van Ammers-Küller (*Dutton*). Sincere and charming presentation of three generations of rebellious women in a Dutch family.

Mist, by Miguel de Unamuno (*Knopf*). A philosopher turns novelist, and we thought the result not too successful. There are, however, some bright spots in this fantastic tale told in the eighteenth-century manner.

The Well of Loneliness, by Radclyffe Hall (*Covici, Friede*). An honest and restrained study of a pathological prob-

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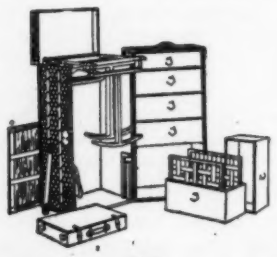

ARTHUR GILMORE
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lem, beautifully written and apt to produce controversy. Worth reading.

THE MAD PROFESSOR, by Hermann Sudermann (*Liveright*). A university professor who taught philosophy and loved life is the central figure of this impressive novel about the Germany which made the war possible.

STRIDE OF MAN, by Thames Williamson (*Coward-McCann*). The pioneer process is reversed in this excellent "Eastward Ho," the story of a motor magnate's career.

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA, by Arnold Zweig (*Viking Press*). The case of an escaped soldier serves as the framework for this superb novel of wartime Germany. Don't miss it, but allow yourself plenty of time to read it.

HOW THE OLD WOMAN GOT HOME, by M. P. Shiel (*Macy-Masius*). Highly praised by the critics for its thrilling plot, imaginative qualities, and style. We found it very hard to read, or to get excited over.

UNDINE, by Olive Schreiner (*Harper*). Novel about a "sensitive" by the author of "The Story of an African Farm" and "From Man to Man." It will interest Olive Schreiner collectors more than Olive Schreiner admirers.

THE CRIME OF DR. GARINE, by Boris Sokoloff (*Covici, Friede*). A scientific mind has applied itself to the telling of some remarkably good short stories of disordered personalities. Russian in spirit and in horror.

GENERAL

CAWDOR, by Robinson Jeffers (*Liveright*). A long narrative poem with great dramatic power, intellectual vigor, and the sweep of a Greek drama.

BLACK ROCK AND OTHER POEMS, by John Gould Fletcher (*Macmillan*). Mr. Fletcher's new collection of verses is rich and varied.

WINTER WORDS IN VARIOUS MOODS AND METRES, by Thomas Hardy (*Macmillan*). Hardy's last poems, intellectual rather than lyrical but nevertheless full of an austere and rugged beauty.

THE GREAT ENLIGHTMENT, by Lee Wilson Dodd (*Harper*). Worth reading for the title poem alone, in which Mr. Dodd turns a satiric and Popian eye upon modern manners and letters.

OUTLINE OF CAREERS FOR WOMEN, edited by Doris Fleischman (*Doubleday, Doran*). The many fields of women's activities are discussed by women who have succeeded in them. Interesting and, we imagine, helpful.

JEWS ARE LIKE THAT, by Analyticus (*Brentano*). Analyticus discusses what nine distinguished Jews actually *are* in order to arrive at what the Jew really *is*. Sharp vignettes and brilliant writing.

MAN THE MIRACLE MAKER, by Hendrik Willem van Loon (*Liveright*). Mr. van Loon tells the story of man's inventions in the same sprightly manner that he told the story of mankind.

THE DIARY OF DOSTOYEVSKY'S WIFE, (*Macmillan*). What marriage to a genius is really like—the story of the young girl who married Dostoyevsky, transcribed from her shorthand diary. A dreary tale but enlightening.

THE EARLY LIFE OF THOMAS HARDY, by Florence Emily Hardy (*Macmillan*). A picture of the early life of Thomas Hardy (1840-1891) pieced together by his wife from diaries, notebooks, and letters. Informal but full of meat for the Hardy fan.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR, by Madame du Hausset (*Brentano*). A lady-in-waiting kept her recollections of a king's mistress, and they make entertaining reading. Apparently being a mis-

tress isn't such an easy job after all.

SCHUMANN-HEINK, by Mary Lawton (*Macmillan*). Ernestine Schumann-Heink's recollections of a long and varied career. Full of anecdotes and photographs.

THE TRAGEDY OF EDWARD VII, by W. E. Edwards (*Dodd, Mead*). A partisan study of a man and a politician "whose royal birth was the greatest obstacle to his development." Interesting to read in connection with Strachey's "Victoria."

FABULOUS NEW ORLEANS, by Lyle Saxon (*Century*). This series of impressions of New Orleans is as colorful as a Mardi Gras parade. Admirably written and illustrated.

JUBILEE JIM: THE LIFE OF COL. JAMES FISK, JR., by Robert H. Fuller (*Macmillan*). A fine, discursive, full-flavored biography of the bad boy of his day.

I SAW IT MYSELF, by Henri Barbusse (*Dutton*). True, vivid, and nerve-shattering stories and sketches of the war and post-war in Russia and the Balkans, by the author of "Under Fire."

FOOL'S ERRAND, by Alexander Laing (*Doubleday, Doran*). A slender collection of poems, ranging from the period of Housman imitation to some distinctive sonnets.

THE LETTERS OF SACCO AND VANZETTI (*Viking Press*). The prison letters of Sacco and Vanzetti, covering a period of seven years and remarkably illuminating as to the thoughts of men condemned to death.

MOSES, by Louis Untermeyer (*Harcourt, Brace*). Not an attempt to do the Erskine stunt with Moses, but a serious, albeit entertaining and human, story of the man, his emotions, and his philosophy.

SONNETS, by Edwin Arlington Robinson (*Macmillan*). Sonnets worthy of the author of "Tristram." They have not only lyric beauty but some of them contain the core of drama. Really distinguished work.

PARIS SALONS, CAFÉS, STUDIOS, by Sisley Huddleston (*Lippincott*). Observations and anecdotes of the Paris indicated by the title. Full of literary and artistic gossip.

WEST-RUNNING BROOK, by Robert Frost (*Holt*). New and distinguished volume of verse full of beauty and tranquillity and self-revelation.

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX, by Lytton Strachey (*Harcourt, Brace*). Magnificent study of Elizabeth and her court, with emphasis on Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

LIFE IN LETTERS OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, edited by Mildred Howells (*Doubleday, Doran*). William Dean Howells' enormous and illuminating correspondence has been excellently edited by his daughter.

THE WORLD DOES MOVE, by Booth Tarkington (*Doubleday, Doran*). A semi-autobiographical survey of the last thirty years in which the nineties don't seem so very gay.

MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS, by Eddie Cantor (*Harper*). The making of a comedian is very well described by the comedian himself, with the assistance of David Freedman.

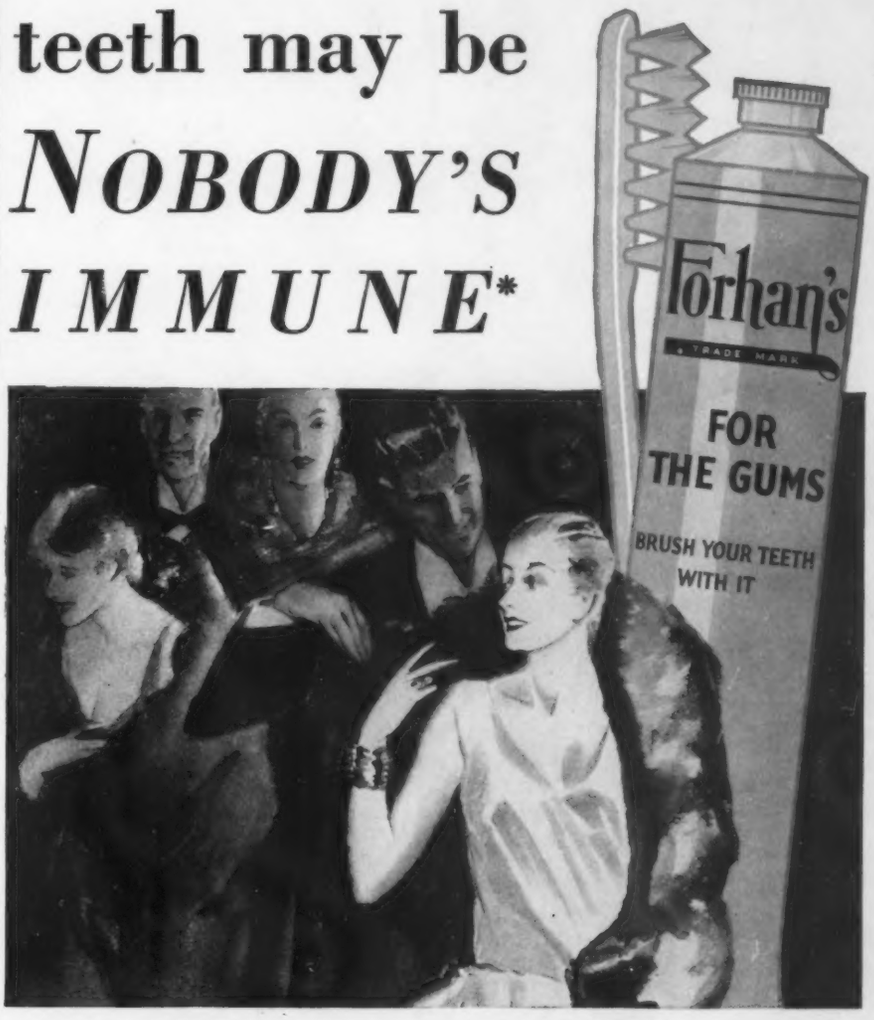
ON DOING THE RIGHT THING, by Albert Jay Nock (*Harper*). Essays on some aspects of civilization in America. Acid and stimulating.

•

Mrs. Herbert Griffis was seen with a little bundle of cloth going to her mother's to piece quilts, we suppose.—*McCreary County (Ky.) Record.*

Still, nowadays you never can be sure of anything.

No matter how white teeth may be *NOBODY'S IMMUNE**



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